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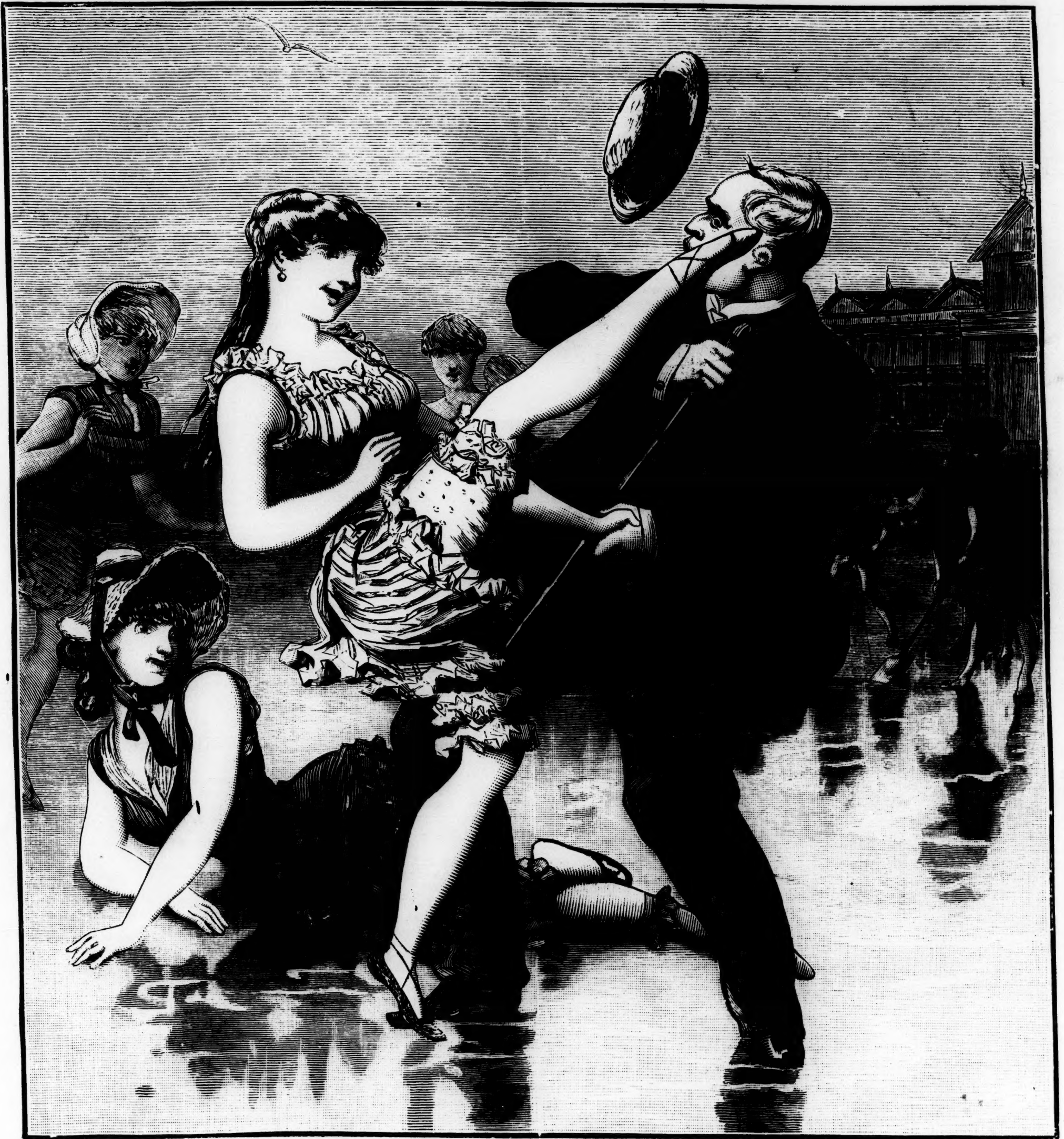
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

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Price Ten Cents.



HIGH JINKS ON THE BEACH.

A COUPLE OF FRISKY NYMPHS PRACTICE THE CAN-CAN ON THE SANDS AT CONEY ISLAND, AND DAMAGE AN ELDERLY DUDE'S DICER.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, September 1, 1883.

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A PERFECT HOWLER!

THIS WEEK,
NEW YORK NAKED;
OR,
Not Such a Sucker as He Looked.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight Life Ever Presented.

THIS WEEK! THIS WEEK!

How do you like "New York Naked?"

The cigarmakers' strike has ended in smoke.

No matter how straight a course may be, Courtney's rowing is bound to be crooked.

The prize conundrum on Union square now is, "Is Frank Bangs as fond of poundcake as Pickles?"

PEANUT flour is a new commodity. It is said to make nearly as solid and pretty an article of cake as plaster of Paris.

"NIGGER" hunting is a new sport over in Jersey. The hunters say it is great fun. The "nigger" has not been heard from yet.

YELLOW JACK is flourishing in Vera Cruz, according to the papers. If he is, he is about the only thing that ever does flourish there.

MULDOON, the wrestler, is commencing to get it hot out in San Francisco. They generally roast a fraud out there when they drop to him.

OSCAR WILDE is back. From the character of his get-up it is evident that he is now going to try if respectability pays as well as the other thing.

A REGULAR pestilence of bogus English noblemen is devastating the watering places. Rogues naturally congregate where fools are thickest.

WHAT will Courtney do when he has used up all possible excuses for not rowing? Ah! An idea strikes us. Maybe when that time comes he will actually row.

THE blackguards who raised the row at the Newport Casino have been whitewashed, as we predicted. Only rich men are privileged to be indecent, you know.

KITES are now a drug in the New York market at a cent apiece, and the boy must be poor indeed who can't own an excuse for walking backwards off a tenement house roof.

A MAN in Texas, according to a correspondent, has been shot in his "hind legs." We always knew Texas held some queer specimens of the race. This one must certainly be a member of the Legislature.

LYDIA THOMPSON is coming back. Being too old to do any mashing herself, she is going to bring her daughter along to do it for her. When you strike a profitable business there is nothing like keeping it in the family.

A SOUTH CAROLINA dentist, having seduced his servant girl and rendered her pregnant, fired her out and went to church to do his duty by the Lord. A man who didn't go to church captured him on his way home, gave him a clubbing and bounced him from the town. This is a specimen Christian—one of the sort who have moral objections to the POLICE GAZETTE. No wonder. They do not hanker after seeing themselves in print.

AN Indiana parson who has been fired from his pulpit for carrying too many bricks in his hat now puts in his time preaching against the POLICE GAZETTE at the street corners. The advertisement has already had a marked effect on our Indiana circulation.

A VISITOR to a recent camp meeting was impressed with the idea that he had landed amid a plenitude of lunatics. We do not comprehend how he could have been far wrong. That is, if the camp meeting was anything like what camp meetings generally are.

THE aristocrats at Saratoga got a lively stirring up by the fire at the Grand Union Hotel. It is to be trusted the exercise did them good. They don't often enjoy a good honest scare for their lives. Their panics are generally associated with their money bags.

THERE ought to be a law for the country justices of Long Island as well as their victims. The way these judicial sharks go for a man with money, jewelry or clothes enough on him to pay a fine would be a caution to a band of Malay pirates after a bad run of trade.

THE Religious Editor's absence this week is accounted for by the fact that he is working the camp meetings. He wears a suit of stovepipe armor and has been insured in ten different companies at \$1,000,000 apiece. If nothing happens to him he will detail his experiences in our next issue.

A NEW criminal industry has been discovered on the Pacific Coast. It is smuggling Chinese into the country. A cargo was recently confiscated, and now the authorities want to know what to do with them. Why not export them to England. We owe her some return for the paupers she has been sending us.

DOWN in Texas, where they don't want the POLICE GAZETTE, they don't seem to want the Church, either. Still, under the circumstances which ended in the shooting of the Rev. Sewell, this is no wonder. When men want too much of their neighbors' wives, even when they wear the ministerial cloth, they've got to take chances with their neighbors' revolvers.

THE ocean steamers are doing too much racing just now. All this striving for fast time can have but one result. It won't be long before we shall read of a big ship going to the bottom, and of a small army of human beings sacrificed to the vanity and greed of the corporations who run the ocean ferries. It always ends that way. It wouldn't be natural if it didn't.

THERE is a big financial earthquake brewing down in Wall street. An ominous calm, the calm before the storm, has prevailed for some time there, and the sharks have had a quiet spell of it. So quiet, indeed, that having no chance to feed on the public they have had to prey on one another. It was only a question of time when this state of affairs would end, and the time is now up.

A RICH man who used to drink ten cents' worth of beer a day and eat a quarter's worth of free lunch, has just died in New York, and the papers all call him "eccentric." If he hadn't been a rich man as well as a mean one, what show would he have had to work the free lunch as he did and get his name in the papers? This is not a prize conundrum. It is only a philosophical observation.

CERTAIN preachers are now sailing into the moonlight picnic on the ground that it is demoralizing in its tendencies and vicious in its results. But it isn't necessary for a picnic to be held by moonlight to fill the bill. Take any of the church shindigs along the Sound or up the Hudson, for example. They come off in open daylight, but they can give the moonlight racket points every time.

SUICIDE has assumed the form of an epidemic in New York. It is getting to be positively fashionable to cut your throat, or hang yourself, or otherwise curtail the natural extent of your existence. The latest novelty in the self murder line is to take your Paris green powdered over pie like sugar. The appearance of a pie treated in this manner must be highly picturesque, whatever the effect on the flavor may be.

THE dirty gang of Russian Jews who came over here last year have been doing nothing but make trouble since. Though their fellow Hebrew residents in New York did their best to make them comfortable, they got nothing but ingratitude in return. Now a pack of these vermin infested brutes are clamoring to be sent home because each of them was not presented with a farm and a bank account when they arrived, but actually called on to work for a living. By all means send them home, and telegraph to Russia in advance so that they may find a reception ready for them.

AN Illinois farmer alleges that a Supreme Court Judge was too familiar with his wife, and demands a divorce in consequence. This is simply shocking! Has the law no rights a Hoosier is bound to respect?

ISN'T it almost time the country papers struck a new sensation? That story about the tramp falling heir to an immense fortune in Europe is getting as thin as the portion of a tramp's pants on which he sits down generally is.

THE horse Boston beat the catamaran cyclone last week, in the race to Stoney Creek from New York. Boston had his wind in the right place, and that settled the Cyclone. It don't pay to have a windy name without anything to back.

A MAN fell three feet at Poughkeepsie and broke his neck. On the same day another man fell from a third story window in New York and sustained only a few bruises. But the latter was drunk, which probably accounts for it all.

"ON a Mexican Mustang" is a choice collection of Texas Siftings' wit. Even if Editor Knox had been slaughtered by Sculptor Sheehan it would not have made his book less humorous or popular. It needed no duel, real or bogus, to insure its success.

A HARLEM Dutchman beat an eight-year-old girl whom he was keeping on starvation fare as a servant, for eating a couple of cents' worth of apple sauce when she was hungry. It is to be trusted that this flagellating brute will not be allowed to go unwhipped of justice.

ISN'T it about time for a new crop of savings bank failures? The report of the Albany Superintendent shows that \$6,000,000 has been put away to get rusty in New York since Jan. 1. The deacons and Sunday school teachers who run our banks must be getting lazy. If they had that money over in Jersey now it wouldn't be so singularly neglected.

KING CALICO is again to drop in on us, and the gin mills and bagnios of San Francisco are getting ready to give him the reception he likes most. Calico isn't quite as black as King Cole, but he is a jolly monarch, with skin full of jig water and a pretty and not too modest girl on his knee. He is said to be especially weak on actresses. This may account for the popularity of the Sandwich Islands with the profession as a starring ground.

MRS. BANGS has got ahead of Frank, by commencing a suit for divorce and having it sent before a referee, so that the details may be kept quiet. Mrs. Bangs is a wise woman. She isn't giving herself away any more than her husband is, for he doesn't propose to fight the case. The gossips on Union Square, however, are thoroughly disgusted. They anticipated a rare treat, and now have only the unsatisfactory, however highly spiced, pleasures of the imagination to fall back on.

A MAN in Irvington died recently, leaving a couple of thousand dollars and a widow 87 years old. From some ambiguities in his will a Methodist society there construed it into bequeathing his money to them. They accordingly claimed it, and now the poor old woman is being kept from starvation by neighborly charity, while the pious cormorants are trying to skin her by law. Why don't the old woman go and drown herself, and be done with it? Has she no respect for the Church?

THE Rev. Duncan McGregor, evidently of the "Kirk," has been shorting his mouth off inveighing against the moonlight picnic, and says that the Sunday school children must be taught to shun these abominations, apply themselves closely to the Shorter catechism, and save their pennies for the African missions. This is rather refreshing than otherwise, the more especially when it is a well established fact that there is more lewdness and immorality exhibited in a broad daylight Sunday school excursion, than there is in a dozen of the moonlight kind by the ungodly. The same paper which publishes Mr. McGregor's diatribe in its issue of the day before, gives an account of a native missionary on the gold coast, who, when a British regiment landed, went up to the officers' quarters and offered to sell two warranted and kind sable virgins at the very lowest market rates, stating that the places where the regiment was to be quartered was fearfully dull, and they would need the relaxation he offered for sale. When his offer was declined he asked if the troops could be delayed long enough for him to preach them a sermon, and when in reply to that, they were ordered to march, he strode alongside the body singing, "Hold the Fort," in a voice that scared all the parrots out of the neighborhood. By all means, little folks save your pennies, for by those same are such "brands plucked from the burning."

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

DOLLARS and sense are often strangers to each other.

It costs a good deal to keep hens. They take food by the peck.

It is decided that Hanlan is "the noblest Rowman of them all."

THERE is some difference between a lover of pears and a pear of lovers.

ANOTHER hotel horror, as the man said when the basin was set before him.

A YOUNG lady is not like a tree—you cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

HE must have been a man of experience who dubbed the baby carriage a "crycycle."

A MEDICAL writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

THE reason men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

I SAW a blind wood-sawyer, and while none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw.

AN old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

THE high school girl says the expression "got the bulge" will soon be superseded by "obtained the convexity."

A BROOKLYN weather prophet predicts a very dry August. The bartenders have refused to trust him for drinks.

A HOUSEKEEPER asks: "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" "Shut a small boy up in the pantry for a few minutes."

THERE is only one lady at whose funeral there should be a general rejoicing. When we bury Annie-Mosity a regular jollification would not be inappropriate.

AN Irishman, having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed: "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

"GENTLEMEN, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and a music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for many years, I offer you my services."

A YOUNG lover paid forty dollars for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bulldog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent.

MISTRESS—Now Sarah, if you will be strictly honest and respectful I will pay you an extra dollar a month. Sarah—Thank you, mum! I'll think it over and let you know to-morrow.

A HAPPY father in Grand Haven, Mich., wired his mother in-law thus: "I struck this town at 7 A. M. I weigh nine pounds. How much do you weigh? Your little grandson."

HERE is another point in favor of the Darwinian theory: There is a boy in Norristown who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an organ grinder and attempted to bite the boy.

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer: "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.

"It is said that Miss Maggie Mitchell refreshes herself between the acts, when playing, by a sponge bath with rum." A great many young men in the audience refresh themselves between the acts in pretty much the same manner—with the difference that the bath is applied internally.

AN exchange says that newspaper editors never "strike," but the assertion is not borne out by the facts. An editor once struck so hard that a wild-eyed man, with long hair and a long poem, went down stairs seven steps at a time and landed on his spinal column at the bottom.

As Mr. Job Shuttle closed a discussion on the wrongheadedness of everything in general, he said: "There is no justice in this world, and it makes me blue to think of it." "True, Job," said Patience, "but the reflection that there is justice in the next ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."

OLD gentleman in a beer garden near the railroad depot, waiting for his wife to arrive on the next train, complaining to himself: "Here I have already drunk six glasses of Pilsener, and (looking at his watch) the train will not be here for one hour to come. This will compel me to drink six more glasses. It's terrible. What an expensive wife I have got!"

At one of the White Mountain hotels he asked a student waiter for some green corn. "I regret to inform you," said the intellectual servant, "that the supply of that vegetable was not adequate to the demand to-day, and has become exhausted. Possibly you may select some garden product enumerated on the menu as a substitute." "Go to thunder!" was all the diner said.

OLD Mr. S. came sauntering down to the front gate a night or two ago and interrupted a long conversation between his daughter and a very intimate male friend. "Why, pa," inquired the damsel, "ain't you up late?" "Just got up," said the old gentleman, shortly, "thought I'd come out and see the sun rise!" And then the son rose from the rustic bench and sadly bled him homewards.

OSCAR WILDE, in his recent lecture on "America," said he refused to buy peanuts from a boy in this country because the lad was selling Oscar's "pirated poems" at ten cents. Oscar did quite right. He should also have given the boy a few vigorous kicks. A boy who would ask ten cents a copy for poems worth only three cents is a young swindler, and should be punished.

WHEN the Chinese bill was under discussion in the House of Representatives, a member from New England was making a strong pro-Chinese speech, winding up something in this way: "The Chinaman is clean, he is temperate, he is frugal; what fault have you to find with him?" Sunset Co. piped out: "He wears his shirt outside of his breeches." The House was convulsed, and that was the last of that orator and his Chinese speech.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Dramatic Hell Broth Fairly Bubbling Over with Putrid Wickedness.

A Devastating Epidemic of Nastiness—Ella Wesner's new Departure, and a Glimpse of Oscar with his Hair off.

THAT monstrous ass, Townsend Percy, is back again. The Lord deliver us!

Poor old Aimee is to be put on exhibition again by the heartless and cruel Grau. The old lady ought to be allowed a holiday, if not for her virtues, at least on account of her age and general decay. To see her essay her ancient naughtiness will be a spectacle almost as forbidding as one's own grandmother trying, paralytically, to do a red hot can-can at a wine supper.

THAT disgusting illustration of anatomical profligacy known as Sarah Bernhardt, is seeking a divorce from Damala. By all accounts, the festive Greek won't weep over the separation. It is bad enough to have a skeleton at one's board, but to have one as the perpetual sharer of one's bed also—and a particularly rattling and noisy skeleton at that—must be an unmixed sorrow. So long as Paulding keeps single, however, there's another chance for Sarah over here.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is a distinct failure in London. They are naturally astonished to find the "American prima donna" a mere expressionless stick of a ballad singer. Her airs and graces are nothing new in a country which has been for years the home of mild and leggy burlesque, interpreted by young women with good figures and fair voices, but no dramatic talent whatever. "Teddy," by the way, has just gone into bankruptcy. His assets are \$20, and his debts are \$12,000. It is not stated if his American "loans" are included in the latter amount. With such a showing as this it won't be long before Lillian is once more on her way home.

HARRIGAN & HART have scored another hit. This is what they deserve. Both are good fellows, capital managers and honest men, and for all those reasons are very much disliked by the swell "bums" and dead beats of the profession. But there is room for improvement, even at the new Comique, and one of the most desirable reforms is the removal of old Pop Harrigan to where he belongs—the strictest private life. A more ill-mannered and disagreeable old party it would be hard to find. In a museum of curiosities he might have a specific value, but in the box office of his son's theatre he is as much out of place as a stupid hyena would be in a drawing room.

THE fact that Charley Stevenson, the husband of Kate Claxton, is a thundering bad actor is explained by the other fact that he is a gentleman. He has no more business on the stage than he has in a gang of bank robbers. His antecedents, his origin, his education, all unfit him for the dirty trade in which he is at present wasting his energies. If he were a notorious drunkard, indecent, uproarious blackguard the chances are he would soon be regarded as a great actor. But not being the one, it is only too evident he will never be the other. There is no business which so ill befits a gentleman as that which combines in itself the acts of the pimp and the swindler and calls itself the stage.

BOB MORRIS continues to give daily evidence of the bargain he has signed with General-Paresis-Davis. Every issue of the *Telegram* contains an elaborate puff of that outrageous caricature, even on the stage. One's first impulse is to get hopping mad at Bob's unblushing venality, but on cooling down one remembers what he did for Frank Mordaunt, and how thoroughly he extinguished him by first blowing for him in his paper and then by writing a play for him. That settled Mordaunt, and removed from the American stage one of its biggest and most unpleasant nuisances. Bob is doing the same useful office to Davis. He is at present engaged in puffing him. His next step will be to write a play for him. That will naturally end Davis. So, if you will look at him in the light of a boss scavenger with a general contract for getting away with offal, or as one of those burial burs who devote their little lives to putting putrescent carrion where human beings can't run into it, Bob Morris is not without his uses.

THAT unmitigated ass and most transparent fraud Oscar Wilde is back again to try and knock a few more dollars out of the American public. But the American public is a good deal poorer and a good deal "flyer" than it was when he paid it his original visit, and the odds are in favor of Oscar's going home very much in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog, when that good old lady couldn't find him a bone. "Vera" is pronounced by all who have read it, to be a masterpiece of "rot"—mouthy, wordy, noisy, pointless "rot," and in quarters where the facts are not known, a great deal of sympathy has been wasted on Marie Prescott. As a matter of fact, Marie Prescott isn't "putting up" a dollar on the venture, all the cash being found by Oscar. Let us hope, as we firmly believe, that of all the ridiculous failures of the year, none will be so thorough, so complete, or so well deserved as that of "Vera."

EMMY RENEE, the popular soubrette of the Thalia theatre company, is running a beer saloon, and mixes drinks and draws schooners with her own fair hand. This is perfectly consistent with all the traditions of the dramatic "art." Favorite actresses who have not tended bar in beer saloons have sung and danced in them, and the crowning ambition of every actor, good or bad, is to keep a rum shop, where he may swill his life away in free and unlimited "lush." Lotta used to be the bright particular star of a California free and easy of Fred. Lubin's Philharmonic type, vast as are her present pretensions to being a fine lady. Adelaide Neilson began her professional career as a barmaid. George Browne is one of a dozen actors who keep chop-houses. And yet blatant frauds pretend that an institution which sits with its feet in stale beer and its head in a gin-soaked barroom towel, is an "artistic profession" and a "distinct social element." Bah! So is Greene street, so is the Tombs, so is the cancer ward in Bellevue.

THAT real bad girl, Ella Wesner, is to add to the terrors of impending cholera this season by playing in a piece to be called "That Dreadful Dude." If all is true that is alleged against the Dude—and some horrible things are charged to its account—Ella will play the part to the life. Those who know her and have had the pleasure of enjoying her pro-masculine perform-

ances, declare that she is an artist of the highest class, and one to be regarded with natural envy even by so accomplished and successful a rival in the same line as St. George Hussey. Indeed if you attach any weight to the tribute of biased friends like Alma Stuart Stanley and Blanche Selwyn, there is no male performer living who can do the Wesner act as thoroughly and so successfully as Ella herself. Alma Stuart Stanley has been so impressed by the merits of her performances that she is going to set up as a male impersonator on her own hook.

DAN'L, of the Frohman's den, is hard at work carrying out his usual policy—puffing the Cayvan and running down the Madison Square prestige. A sorrier lot of outsters, from Harry Pitt down to Dolly Pike, than Dan'l has got in the cast of the "Rajah." It would be hard to find between here and San Francisco. What a brace of sharps these brethren are. Beginning with loud protestations of their plausibly disinterested zeal for the stage, they hired an expensive and able company to send them off. But now they engage the cheapest and vilest people in the market, with the hope and expectation of "shoving" them on the public out of town as "metropolitan favorites." If H. K. Thurbur & Co. were to be caught sending out damaged mackerel in A No. 1 barrels with a certificate of worth and soundness, what a powerful sermon wouldn't the weazen little parson who "runs" the Square preach against such a terrible offence. But he thinks nothing of putting half a dozen cheap hamfatters just long enough into the home theatre to catch its "flavor" in order to eventually unload them on the rural public as the real article. Luckily the rural public isn't quite so green as it was, and the rural press has had its eye-teeth cut, so that the chances of another bonanza are growing fearfully less. Dan'l will have to go back to minstrelsy if he doesn't keep wide open the weather eye which is now dreamily fixed upon the meandering and mediocre young ex-laundress who calls herself Georgia Cayvan.

ANYTHING more loathsome, hideous or disgusting than the Bangs-Lagrange affair no well regulated and decent mind can conceive. Each party to this villainous scandal accuses the other of actual crimes against nature. Mrs. Bangs declares that Mr. Bangs was a monster of depravity, whose vices led him into the practice of almost incredible transgressions against humanity, while Mr. Bangs avers, with profound solemnity, that Mrs. Bangs introduced to his astounded notice on their bridal night, habits and propensities from which a prostitute negress would have recoiled in horror. And to make the lesson all the more emphatic, the honorable "profession" to which Mr. Bangs belongs, and into which his wife tried to crowd herself, is fairly buzzing with stories and innuendoes and comments of a kind to turn in consecutive order the seven stomachs of a camel. The hum of a convention of blowflies over the bloated carcass of a dead and rotten dog is nothing to the sound and fury of the actor's delight over the enormity of the Bangs scandal. It is the baseliest contribution ever made by vice to the tickling of prurient curiosity, and as a matter of course it comes from the one institution which seems to exist for the mere purpose of showing how vile and depraved idle men and women can be. It was a mild law which stigmatized actors as vagabonds, seeing the industry with which they constantly prove themselves monsters.

IRVING is going to bring his own critic over with him, a fellow, Clement Scott by name, who wrote a letter to Florence Rice, Knox's husband, of the most transparently corrupt nature. This fellow, Scott, who has become famous by occupying to Irving the same relation which certain small worms do to woodcock, by inhabiting their entrails, has been photographed in London in the costume which he is to wear in America. From his looks, in the garb which he has chosen, you would take him to be Stanley, the African explorer, or some such person. The compliment he pays New York and its barbarism is to wear a shooting jacket with a big cartridge belt round it, a pith helmet with a puggree, knee breeches of corduroy, leggings, and a field glass slung across his back. It seems as if he were so distrustful of our civilization that he intends to visit Wallack's theatre in the same panoply and with the same equipment of firearms he would wear in the African jungle. So that when, within a month or two, the casual visitor to Irving's performance shall see a young man with a blonde mustache and eyeglasses, dressed like an English soldier in Egypt, or like Billy Lytell as the newspaper correspondent in "Michael Strogoff," with the addition of a revolver at his side and a Winchester rifle across his back, the casual visitor will realize that he sees the London newspaper critic whom Mr. Irving carries round in his train.

THAT extraordinary concern the George Edgar Syndicate is getting its first experience of the biped animal known as the American actress, and is correspondingly cast down. The first round was fought over the question of passage to Chicago. Poor old George had selected the Pennsylvania road as the official route, and palace cars, by a curious mistake, had been engaged instead of hog pens, for the company. That ancient and honorable spinster, Miss Sarah Jewett, was dissatisfied to find that she had to go over such a common and unromantic road as the Pennsylvania, and took a train, on her own hook, on the Baltimore and Ohio. Of course, the English leading lady, an equally ancient and quite as respectable Shakespeareid, of the name of Ward, had to get her venerable back up also. So she took the limited express on the Erie. It is refreshing to reflect that the day is not so very far off when both these two elderly persons will be exchanging over their gin and tea in the back bedroom of a fifth story flat reminiscences of the "princely" way in which they used to do things. For it is one of the merciful compensations of Providence that there is no human creature so utterly forgotten, neglected and despised, in the ratio of their former pretensions, as the "popular" actor or actress who used to play the tyrant of a brief hour in the remote past. When Sarah Jewett is in the condition of Laura Phillips or Annie Deland, she will realize pretty accurately what a fleeting sham an actress' life is off the stage as well as on.

A SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A remarkable suicide is reported as having occurred near Kernersville, N. C. Philip Comfont, a young white man, became partially demented two weeks ago, the cause being his cool treatment by a young lady of whom he was fond. He went to his room, locked the door, laid down on the bed and swallowed over half the pins in a paper. Several hours afterward he was found dead, many pins sticking in his mouth and throat.

SOCIETY INDIGNANT.

It Asserts its Right to get Drunk, Beat Waiters, Break Crockery, and throw Slops over Ladies.

The Society Editor sat in his Queen Anne office last Tuesday, idly sipping his champagne frappe out of a golden goblet, richly jewelled (a slight tribute of affection from Richard K. Fox). As he toyed with the refreshing beverage, he looked dreamily down upon Harpers building and the East River Bridge, spread like a bird's eye view far beneath him, and his brethren of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The silvery tinkle of the cologne fountain which plays in every editorial room, lulled him with its pleasant suggestions of cool and odor. A faint breeze stirred the rosy sheets of Irish linen paper on which he writes the records of our American noblesse, and ruffled the purple surface of the rich pool of aromatic violet ink in which, as it glitters in its golden basin, he dips the diamond pointed pen so dear to the *haut ton* of the *creme de la creme* of the *recherche beau monde*.

There was a lull in the Society Editor's work, and his mind tranquilly occupied itself in reflecting on the immense importance and indisputable worth of the POLICE GAZETTE in the upper circles of the community.

All of a sudden the liveried page, whose sole duty it is to attend the movements and anticipate the wishes of the Society Editor, and whose situation has been eagerly sought after by at least three quarters of the membership of the Union, New York and American clubs, brought the luxurious journalist, on a richly embossed gold salver, a special commission from Richard K. Fox.

It ordered him to first read the scandalous reports of a "swell" riot at the Newport Casino, as published in the morning papers, and requested him, after so doing, to interview several of the leading members of the local aristocracy.

The Society Editor languidly took his coupe and made the rounds of the "swell" set with incredible rapidity.

Wright Sanford he found at George Brown's chop house, where he had remained over night trying, by violent manual exercise with a pack of cards, to insure the digestion of one of Brown's celebrated patent indestructible and self-acting Welsh rarebits.

"It's my opinion, old man," said Wright, as he wiped his spectacles and twirled his gray mustache, "that it's high time we American noblemen declared ourselves. Of course, in a lot of counter jumpers and dry goods clerks it would have been the height of rudeness and impudence to knock a waiter on the head with a champagne bottle and throw ice-cream and claret and banana skins over ladies passing the window. But with us it's different. The upper classes are privileged to do what they please with the common herd. The waiters charge for it in their bills, and if the ladies don't like it, why they can do the other thing. I tell you, old chap, the American gent is booming, and don't you forget it."

George Gould was interrupted in the act of superintending the giglet which is to connect his private box at the Grand Opera House with the dressing rooms of the ballet, by means of perforated ventilators, each of which will contain a magnifying glass.

"They were quite right," said George. "What is an American aristocracy good for if it can't do as it wants to with other people. I'm only astonished at their forbearance. They ought at the least to have shot a waiter or two, just to show the stuff they were made of."

Berry Wall, the boss dude, as his friends fondly call him, was rather harder to find than the rest. A rumor had reached him that a man to whom he had addressed a challenge to a duel, under the impression that he was out of the country, had only been absent at Saratoga and had accepted the challenge. When Mr. Wall had brushed the dust of the coal cellar off his coat and shoes, he said:

"Weally, the awwogance of the pwess is getting outrageous, weally. A fellah can't do anything, weally, without the dayvillah newspapers taking it up, weally. The ideah that a lot of gentlemen can't do as they please and break all the cwockewy they want and play the dooce with waitahs and throw what the dayvill they please out of the window so long as they are willing to pay for it, without being abused in the newspapers is disgwawful, weally. A wretched newspaper fellah in Long Bwanch had the unpawwelled impudence to make fun of myself, weally. So I'm not surprised to heah that othah newspaper fellahs have pitched into those fellahs at Newport just because they twiled to pwove that the uppah classes must be wespicted. Howevah, it's an outrage, and I don't hesitate to pwounce it as such—on the part of the newspapers, weally."

"Is it a fact," said the Society Editor, "that you can read and write, Mr. Wall?"

"Howwible!" cried Mr. Wall, intensely annoyed. "What do you take me for? My deah fellah, if I could wead and wite, I might atweah sink to the level of a newspaper fellah myself, weally. There's no telling. No, my deah boy, I can not wead or wite, eithah, and in my opinion no gentleman ought to so far forget himself as to learn how."

Freddy Gebhart was sitting at a table in the library of the Union club hard at work writing, with the aid of a pocket dictionary. The Society Editor, who is very light footed, managed to get a good look at the composition before Freddy was aware of his presence. The letter ran thus:

"DEAR LILL—Things is growin pritty aloe sence you gone away I hope you are wel as this levees me. I am Kounting the dales to wen you Kum back how did the Old Man—"

At this point the Society Editor coughed, like a gentleman, and Freddy hurriedly covered up his manuscript with his hat the beads of perspiration on his forehead only too clearly proving the immensity of his epistolary efforts.

"I ain't in society much this year," said Mr. Gebhart, modestly. "Thy've kinder shook me, yu know, on account of—well, it ain't of much consequence, anyhow. Not being in society, you know, I ain't certain what's fashionable this year in the line of manners, so I ain't able to say nothing positive about the row at the Casino. However, this much I will say: If it's fashionable and the proper caper this year to chuck things out of the window and lam the waiters, why it's all right, and there ain't no fault to be found with the boys. But if it ain't fashionable, you know, and they done it on their own hook, why, don't you see, they acted foolish, and they ought to get shown up. You see, a man can do anything that's fashionable without getting into trouble, but he ain't got no right to bring discredit on the upper classes by doing anything that ain't good style."

"When does the Langtry return?" inquired the Society Editor, a trifle malevolently.

A blush mantled on Freddie's capacious cheek, and he bit his mustache nervously.

"She ain't wrote to me yet, old man," he replied at last, in a confidential tone, "and I can't tell you for certain. But it won't be long—(in a delicate and gentlemanly whisper)—she can't keep away from me."

"What," asked the Society Editor of John Plum Duff, Esq., of the Broadway theatre, "do you, as a rather elderly and adipose, not to say extremely ill-natured old dude, think of the Newport Casino row?"

A note from Mr. Anthony Comstock (to whom our proofs are always submitted) has compelled us to kill Mr. Duff's reply in the form.

AN OLD FASHION REVIVED.

An Amorous Youth is Treated to a Suit of Tar and Feathers.

The usually undisturbed village of Castleton, situated on the Hudson, about seven miles below Albany, was the scene of great excitement Saturday morning, August 4. The villagers, to the number of over 100, took outraged law into their own hands, and treated one Albert Voss, a bachelor resident, to an old fashioned garment of disgrace in the form of tar and feathers. Voss is an educated man, and a handsome one as well. Four years ago he came to Castleton, and became a boarder in the house of Henry Hoffman, an old-country friend. Voss obtained employment in the postal card works. His host is employed in the ice houses that line the river at this point. Hoffman's wife is a comely woman, aged about 30, flaxen haired, round in form, and naturally gay in disposition.

The steady villagers thought they saw impropriety in the relations between Mrs. Hoffman and Voss soon after the latter's entrance into the family. Hoffman himself, however, was stolid, and did not or would not show suspicion. The Hoffmans have five children. Finally Voss induced Mrs. Hoffman to leave her husband and children, and the guilty couple left the house, showing their shamelessness by taking up residence on the street directly opposite the deserted home. Thursday a delegation of the German residents of the village visited the couple and ordered Voss to leave town within twenty-four hours. Voss did not depart. He was secretly taken to Hoffman's house, where Mrs. Hoffman hid him in the garret and then took up her home again with her husband, who was ignorant that Voss was under his roof. Saturday evening the outraged public proceeded to Hoffman's house in a body. Hoffman refused to admit the party, whereupon they forced an entrance, found Voss in the garret, threw over him a pall of lime which they found there, and after marching him to a spot previously agreed upon stripped him to the waist and applied tar and feathers. Voss made a desperate resistance, and drawing a knife, slashed right and left, but after he had severed a little finger of one of his tormentors and stabbed another in the cheek he was overpowered and disarmed. Many in the crowd prescribed hanging, and a rope was even brought, but cooler counsel prevailed. Voss was marched about two miles out of town and warned never to return.

Friends in the postal card works cared for him secretly and removed the tar and feathers as well as they could. He then disappeared. It was rumored that he had returned to Hoffman's house. Search was made there by the punishing party Sunday, but he was not discovered. It is believed that Voss is a member of a good family in Germany, and that the name under which he passed in Castleton is an assumed one.

AN ADIRONDACK ROMANCE SPOILED.

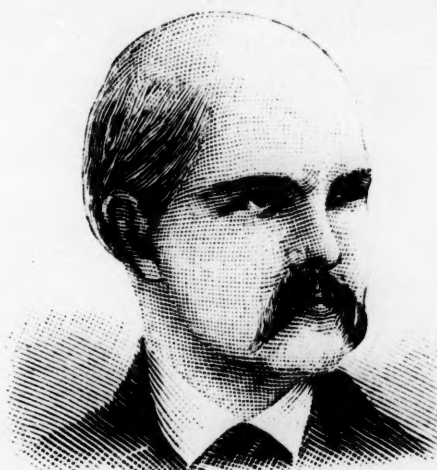
The story has already been told of the courtship and marriage of Emma Camp, the dusky daughter of Elyah Camp, the Indian guide of the Adirondack region, and Gabriel Mead, of Ossining, Westchester county. The bronze beauty of the Onondaga, who gave her untold affections to the pale face who came into the forest to woo her, is 17 years old, pretty, vivacious and intelligent. She has caught the fancy for the nonce of many mighty hunters who broke bread with her father while pursuing the game of the endless woods to their lair. Her mother was a white woman living at Saratoga Springs.

In December last the hand of the beauty was won by Mead, and they were duly and regularly married. He lived with her till May last, when the sickle youth abandoned his Onondaga bride, and then commenced an action for a decree of nullity of the marriage contract, on the ground that he was under the influence of alcoholic stimulants when he was married to the blushing maiden of seventeen summers. It is understood that Mead's family and relatives, who are in affluent circumstances, disapproved of the marriage, and urged him to relieve himself of his Adirondack wife.

It is understood that Mead's friends have made offers to give Emma Mead, nee Camp, a cool \$10,000 in hard and shining gold if she will not put in any defence to the suit, and thus allow him to have the marriage contract nullified. It is also understood that she has substantially agreed to take the proffered amount, believing that \$10,000 is preferable to a drunken, pale face husband. Mead need not have been ashamed of his attractive bride, who is a young woman of fine presence and is very highly spoken of by those who are acquainted with her. Though Indian blood courses through her veins Emma is as fair as the average white person. Her mother is also a woman of excellent appearance.

MURDER OF A DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

A horrible and shocking murder occurred at Guysboro, N. S. The victim of the crime was a deaf, dumb and blind girl about 21 years of age, named Ada Bayard. It is stated that the father of the girl, who lives about a mile from Guysboro, came into town on Saturday, Aug 4, leaving at home the deceased, his wife, who was the girl's stepmother, and some younger children. On returning in the evening he learned that his wife had gone to town shortly after he did, and had not yet returned. He also discovered Ada lying in the house suffering terribly from wounds apparently inflicted with an axe. The following morning the victim died. A coroner's inquest was held on the remains, when evidence was adduced showing that the deed had been committed by a 5-year-old daughter of Bayard. The little girl, it was testified, had, after the mother's departure for Guysboro, locked herself in the house with her deaf, dumb and blind sister and then perpetrated the crime. There is an impression, however, among Bayard's neighbors and many who heard the evidence given at the inquest, that the little girl was not the one who committed the crime.



LOUIS CONRAD,

THE PROMINENT BALTIMORE LAWYER RE-
CENTLY SHOT BY HIS CRAZY WIFE.

A Brutal Outrage.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., Capt. D. W. Pressell, one of the most influential citizens of the State, was arrested at Mayersville, Miss., charged with outraging the person of Miss Julia Neilson, of that place, a girl not more than 10 years of age and very beautiful. Last Friday Pressell's trial

down, the prisoner taken from its precincts, with a rope around his neck, and hanged to a beam in the belfry. Over five hundred citizens were present on the occasion. Pressell pleaded most piteously for his life, and in vain did he attempt to bring his once powerful influence to intercede for his protection, but all to no purpose. The stout rope, and the heavy beam in the belfry to which it was attached, were unrelenting, and the veteran ravisher was soon dangling in mid air. He breathed his last amid the most sickening convulsions and the cheers and gibes of an infuriated gathering at 12:30 A. M., Saturday. Capt. Pressell was 65 years of age, and brother-in-law to Judge Jeffords, Congressman elect from the Sixth Mississippi District. This makes the second case of lynching in Issiquena county in the past six weeks.

A Brutal Parricide.

A brutal parricide was perpetrated Aug. 6, one



JAMES MURPHY,

A GALLANT LITTLE BOY WHO SAVED HIS COM-
PANION FROM DROWNING, AT CITY ISLAND, N. Y.

averse to this innocent flirtation. She was rather amused at it. But when, the other morning, the dude, fortified with two glasses of sodawater, attempted to speak to her as she was washing off the sidewalk, she turned the hose on him and gave him a decidedly cool reception.

Lawyer Conrad's Sad Death.

Last week's number of this paper contained a full account of the accidental shooting, at Bloomfield, Md., of Louis Lawrence Conrad, a prominent Baltimore lawyer, by his invalid and half-crazy wife. Our present num-

ber contains an excellent portrait of Conrad, whose sad end has caused the greatest sorrow throughout Maryland.

A Candidate for the Gallows.

The authorities of Norristown, Pa., offer \$500 reward for the apprehension of James Gaffey



JAMES GAFFEY,

THE KEEPER OF THE NORRISTOWN MADHOUSE,
WHO MURDERED A LUNATIC AND DISAPPEARED.

who, while keeper at the Norristown Insane Asylum, recently brutally murdered an unfortunate patient named William A. J. Fess. The investigation into this affair has disclosed many other acts of brutality on the part of Gaffey, and if he falls into the hands of the law he will certainly make the acquaintance of the hangman's noose.



A COOL RECEPTION.

A NEW YORK DUDE, WHO THINKS HE HAS MASHED A PRETTY SERVANT GIRL, HAS
THE TIDE TURNED AGAINST HIM.



BOUND TO GET HER RIGHTS.

A SABLE BRIDE WHO WOULD NOT BE CHEATED OUT OF THE CUSTOMARY PARSON'S
KISS AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

occurred before Justice Roote, and the young girl, with a number of eye witnesses, having testified to the prisoner's guilt, he was remanded to jail, without bail, to await the action of the Grand Jury of Issiquena county. As he was about to be taken from the court room to his confinement in the county jail, he exclaimed: "So help me, God, I am not guilty of the accusation."

The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the town and county, and even though Capt. Pressell was guarded in his cell by a special posse of officers, the jail door was finally battered



MISS JULIA NEILSON,

FOR RAPIING WHOM, CAPTAIN D. W. PRESS-
ELL WAS LYNCHED AT MAYERSVILLE, MISS.

mile back of Salina, in Bell township, on the West Penn road, Pa. Samuel McCauley shot and killed his father in the presence of his mother, two sisters and a brother. The cause of the quarrel was a lawsuit between father and son. The father was a well-to-do farmer, but very close in money matters. His unnatural son lived the life of a hermit in a cabin on the farm, a small portion of which he tilled for a living. The suit in question was brought by the father to oust the son from his land. Yesterday when they met they quarrelled bitterly, when the son calmly drew a weapon and shot his father dead. He then escaped to the fields and took for the Ridge, but was soon after captured and taken to Greensburg. The murderer is middle aged, of a savage disposition, and never mixed with public affairs in the least.

A Cool Reception.

One of our dude friends thought he had made a mash. She was a pretty servant girl, living on Lexington avenue, near Seventeenth. He daily did the promenade act in front of the house where she was employed, in the hopes of winning a smile from her. The girl was not



SAMUEL MCCAULEY,

WHO MURDERED HIS FATHER NEAR SALINA
PA., IN A PETTY QUARREL.

Master James Murphy.

We add to our gallery of heroes the portrait of Master James Murphy, the 11-year old boy, who saved the life of the 8-year old son of Mr. John Price, Jr., at City Island, in the Sound, on Saturday, July 7. The two boys were playing on the town dock when, by some mischance, Price fell overboard. As he was sinking the second time, Murphy sprang overboard, and grasping him firmly, swam to the shore, a distance of some 200 feet, with his burden. Young Murphy is a bright intelligent lad, and has shown that he has courage and pluck.

Beauty Goes a Begging.

A woman of fine figure, stylishly but not gaudily dressed, passed through the City Hall Park about 2 o'clock last Saturday afternoon. She wore a hat garnished with white ribbons and an ostrich plume. Pendant from the side of her dress was a small placard with the inscription:

"I am a widow worth \$20,000, and want a husband."

Several eligible bachelors and lonely widowers gazed in mixed admiration and astonishment at the prize, but allowed her to pass. At the corner of Broadway and Barclay street she stopped and looked longingly at the spread of literature in front of a bookstore. The well known bibliophile in charge hid himself behind a volume of Coke and Blackstone. Thence she passed down Broadway to the neighborhood of the bulls and bears of Wall street.

Eating His Own Hash.

A party of Philadelphia ladies who were boarding at a farm house in Lancaster county became disgusted with the bill of fare that was furnished them, and resolved to strike. Hash for breakfast was all well enough once in a while, but when it was repeated daily it became monotonous. Huckleberry pie can be enjoyed occasionally, but as a steady article of diet it is not a success. The repetition of these articles on the menu was only part of the boarders' grievances. They resolved to stand it no longer, and judging by their own feeling they came to the conclusion the severest punishment they could inflict upon the derelict landlord was to make him eat his own food. They made an onslaught on him the other morning, and filled him with his own hash. His recovery is anticipated.

**SWALLOWING HIS OWN HASH.**

HOW A PARTY OF DISGUSTED CITY BOARDERS COMPELLED A COUNTRY LANDLORD TO GO THROUGH AN OBJECTIONABLE BILL OF FARE.

An Accident to a Gallant Fireman.

John O'Gorman, of the St. Louis Fire Department, was riding to a fire at noon on Aug. 13, on the rear part of the engine of which he is a fireman, when, in trying to cross a car track at a sharp angle, the rear wheels slid along the track and collided with a beer wagon that stood in front of Schnaider's. O'Gorman was thrown forward and sideways, falling in between the hot boiler and the wheel. As the wheel was rapidly revolving it drew his body alongside the boiler, wedging it very tightly there and

breaking a steam pipe by the pressure. The horses were promptly stopped, but the poor fellow was found to be wedged so tightly between the hot boiler and the wheel that he could not be extricated. Meanwhile the steam from the broken pipe was pouring on his back. A machinist ran out from the brewery near by with some tools, and in a few moments they had taken the wheels off and lifted the sufferer out. One leg was broken, and his hips and abdomen were frightfully contused, while the scalds extended over half his body. His life is despaired of.

ful weapons that nature furnishes to all her children, it would then appear that the extraordinary performances of the present head of the science of 'slugging' would not be without compensating results in their influence upon the public morals."

The following obituary notice appears in a Kansas City paper:

"Nine-toed Annie," a personage well known in the upper circles of Hell's Half Acre society, fell into the Missouri river last evening, and was drowned."

**BEAUTY GOES A BEGGING.**

THE BARE CHANCE AND THE SNUG BOLL WHICH SOME ELIGIBLE BACHELOR MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED; NEW YORK CITY.

**A PEEPING TOM PUNISHED.**

MISS KATE BENNETT, THE SWIMMING TEACHER, ADMINISTERS A STINGING REBUKE TO A FRESH BATHTHREEPER.

NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight
Life Ever Presented.

CHAPTER I.

A DEVIL'S GAME FOILED.

I was coming down Sixteenth street, not far from Second avenue, late the other afternoon, when, on the corner, my attention was attracted to a dreadful looking old harriidan in earnest conversation with a young girl with a tear-stained face and a flush of shame mantling on her cheeks. Unperceived by either I remained within earshot and overheard the concluding sentences of their conversation.

"I know how hard it is for a young girl who is only used to country life to get any sort of employment in New York, and I quite believe you when you tell me you are starving. There are hundreds like you here. But you shan't starve any more, my dear. Go right home. I've got your number and in an hour we'll go and get a little dinner and I'll see you're provided for."

The frank but disconsolate face of the girl brightened, and shaking the hand of the old harriidan in the most enthusiastically grateful manner, she passed half way down the street and entered a red brick dwelling only too obviously of the cheap lodging house variety.

Interested in the brief fragmentary scene, I made a point of returning to the spot within the appointed hour. I observed, at once, on the other side of the way, a man flashily dressed, of a coarse and brutal Jewish type, whose persistent interest in the windows of the houses opposite, was really remarkable. With his eyes turning like the pivoted optics of a lobster he came and went from one avenue to the other as regularly as a sentinel.

Very soon he was joined by the hag whom I had seen previously. Her "get up" told only too plainly the details of her trade. Like most of her kind she was a mountain of gaudily decorated flesh. She wore a rich green and black satin dress. Her enormous shoulders were covered by a cape of black Spanish lace. Diamond clusters were in her ears, and a gold chain of tremendous size was festooned over her proportionately tremendous bosom. Where her immense stomach centrally projected was a chateleine of great size. Her vulgar head and coarse crimson face were shaded by a white hat with a huge white feather wound round it. Black lace mittens covered her enormous hands, and each finger was fairly knobbed with precious stones.

"She ain't gone out yet," remarked this Woman-Mountain to the flashily dressed Hebrew, who had been patrolling the sidewalk.

"Not much," replied that brute.

"All right. I'll go and fetch her out. When we come down you follow us."

The fellow grunted impatiently, and the beldame entered the red brick lodging house.

Unperceived I waited in the lee of a tree-box for the impending tragedy of Murdered Virtue only too imminent.

Inside of ten minutes the door opened. The flapping hat of the hag appeared first. Her face wore a grin of immense and lurid complacency. The bargain had been signed and sealed, and in a little while the goods were to be delivered. Close behind her came the young girl, redder and more shamed than ever. In front of the ill-matched pair stalked the scoundrel Jackal. Behind, noiselessly, I followed with the silent footfalls of a tiger.

As soon as she was out on the sidewalk the poor child (she was evidently only 17 years of age), put her handkerchief to her eyes and began to sob in a smothered yet heartbroken manner.

I could not help a shudder as I saw the beldame put her own arm in that of her victim with an absolutely motherly air. It was as sickening a sight as the spectacle of a boa constrictor slubbing a young rabbit before swallowing it.

"Come, dearie," said the old wretch, her painted cheeks wagging as she walked, "come, cheer up! It ain't so awful horrible when you're used to it, and there's lots of fun in the world, if you're only a mind to take it while you've got the chance. Why! you'll make your fortune in six months!"

Quickening their steps, they were soon alongside the flashily dressed scoundrel who preceded them. A brief introduction—a cruel and hideous caricature of the ordinary ceremonial—presented the poor victim to her other destroyer.

He, with the cool and critical air of an expert, took a rapid survey of the hapless girl, and with a wink conveyed an expression of his approval to the old hag, down whose powdered and painted face the perspiration rolled in beads of pearl and crimson. Then the villain offered her his arm.

Startled, like a pigeon when a rude hand tries to grasp it, the girl shuddered and recoiled. On which the puffing and panting harriidan drew her to her own side with a smile of hideous mock benevolence, as if to shield the novice.

The male scoundrel—whose face looked like a mask in yellow wax that had grown dirty with neglect—caught the hint of his vile companion's eye and made no other overtures.

As they turned into Third avenue and up Fourteenth street, the girl, with downcast eyes, furtively looked at each passer by with a hopeless and wistful glance. Perhaps she was thinking of freedom and virtuous love and her country home.

"I suppose you'll ask us to take a little lunch with you, Mr. Delamater?" inquired the beldame, with a significant wink. "Miss Jennie hasn't had anything since breakfast, and I know she's hungry."

"Certainly," replied the male villain, with a grin for which I could have knocked him down on the spot. With a hand loathsome and cruel as the claws of the hangman the old hag stroked the arm of her unhappy victim.

Faugh! It was all I could do to keep from grabbing her by the throat and calling for the police.

The trio turned into Theiss' well known haunt of the demi-monde. In childish amazement the girl lifted her red eyes and stared at its tawdy splendors. On the orchestra platform the usual brass band volleyed and thundered like the Russians at Balaklava. Their execution was prodigious, and the huge saloon echoed with the shrieks and groans of murdered operas and assassinated German waltzes.

Every table was surrounded by a group of loudly attired, giggling and simpering girls, each with a glass of beer or something stronger before her. They cackled and chuckled and screeched and screamed like a flock of young peahens. Sprinkled among them were numbers of men, all dressed with appropriate flashiness and all acting with a cynicism, at the expense of their female companions, which amounted to actual brutality. They paid ostentatiously for the refreshments of the girls, but they treated them with a coarse and inhuman disrespect that was literally blood curdling.

Clouds of blue smoke slowly ascended like the souls of men who had died in shame, to the gilded ceiling and then flashed through the open windows as if glad to get out at last into the pure and honest day. Waiters, with faces of one pattern, and that the unbending face of the Sphinx, glided up and down the aisles—mere machines to propel pyramids of glasses full of beer or spirits, to collect the money to pay for them and to convey them back again to the bar to be replenished. The incessant click of billiard balls deep down in a basement smote regularly and sharply upon the unconscious ear in the lulls of the wind and string storm raging usually in the orchestra.

Into this gilded pandemonium, in the middle of the various uproar, strayed a little cur dog. He was surely the maddest of all mad dogs to intrude his worthless and half-worn little body into that splendid revel. In another minute the boots of a dozen waiters spun the wretched little vagrant into the street. His piercing yelps were drowned in the mad roar of the band and the shrill laugh of the girls. A cruel joy lit up their faces and gave edge to their delight. Here was something that lived and breathed and moved for which the world had less mercy even than for themselves. In its way, the sight of the bruised and panting cur, whirled like a flash of yellow misery into the dreadful street, was a consolation.

The trio, whom I followed with unflagging curiosity and interest, took a table by themselves. The male vulture swooped down by the side of the young girl. His dreadful looking mate settled down with much ruffling of her gorgeous plumes opposite.

I sat quite close to them, and my ears, which are as acute as those of a hare, took in every word of their conversation.

They were scarcely composed in their bent wooden chairs before a waiter appeared like a spectre at the elbow of the male villain. His gray eyes, half open like a cat's, and his impressive professional face, with its tight closed mouth, as if to symbolize the professional secrecy of his trade, filled up the picture.

A murder might have been committed under his very nose and he would have taken no notice, unless the victim had, with his last breath, called for some brandy. Then he would have given his napkin another flit and vanished in search, not of the police, but of the liquor.

Let me say, parenthetically, that these waiters are a set and class as distinct as Quakers or *Critins*. The moment they put on the badge of their suffering tribe they seem to lose all human attributes, and become a new and wonderful order of beings. No calling or profession so utterly merges the individuality of its votaries in its ethics as that of waiting. I desire to frankly state my conviction that if one of Theiss' waiters were to be summoned to attend his own wife and her own lover at a private supper, he would, not manfully, but waterfully, repress his feelings and fill the orders of the paramour, without thinking of drawing knife or pulling pistol on the pair.

He might, it is true, drop an extra poison in the wine or concert with the cook to add the horrors of a fresh and supplementary indigestion to the boiled lobster. But that would be strictly in the line of his regular duties.

It is a peculiarity of Theiss' waiters that they never ask one what one wants to order. They know and they despise their customers too thoroughly for that. In fact, their open and obvious scorn for the people they serve is so frankly expressed as to be almost unwelcome.

This waiter, with his half open eyes fixed on the sky-light, his mouth pursed up, and jingling his silver in his breeches' pocket, personified the hospitality of the place, which is heartless, indifferent, cold, calculating, without compunction, and almost without interest. It is long suffering, so long as there is reasonable ground for believing in the chance of selling another drink or another cigar, but it is merciless in respect of credit, insolent in rejoinder, and utterly disdainful of the minor politenesses which are usually affected by innkeepers elsewhere.

It is very much as if they knew the money they got to be dirty, and were correspondingly disdainful while bound to take it.

"What shall we have?" growled the male villain, with a transparent affectation of cordiality.

"The best in the house ain't any too good for us," gasped his hideous accomplice. "Let's have our usual little lunch," and she bestowed on the male partner in the conspiracy a wink of surpassing expressiveness.

"All right. Bring us three dishes soft-shell crabs, three Philadelphia squab, a lobster salad, ice cream and—three whiskey sours—stiff."

"Maybe Miss Jennie wouldn't like a whiskey sour," observed the hag. "It might be a little too strong."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the victim, who sat as if dazzled and stunned by the unfamiliar scene that rioted all around her. "Don't get any whiskey for me—on any account."

"No, dearie!" chuckled the old hag. Then to the waiter, "Two whiskey sours and a big milk punch—a twenty-five center, mind."

A faint spark of interest lit up the waiter's dull eyes and they fell with languid curiosity on the face of the young girl. Then with a nod, he vanished in the aromatic regions of the Unknown.

In due time he returned, a peripatetic buffet, piled up to his greasy forehead with plates and dishes and tumblers. Out of all sorts of unexpected places he drew knives and forks and spoons. In a shorter period than Hermann would have taken he seemed to evolve a heavy dinner out of mere chaos.

The girl, who by this time displayed all her beauties (and they were remarkable) looked with astonishment on the well furnished board. It was evident that in her Pennsylvania village such delicacies as those which confronted her were purely legendary. She had obviously never looked upon the like before.

I could not help admiring the art with which the hag induced her to drink the big milk punch. Sweet and delicately flavored, with its creaming froth speckled with cinnamon, and breathing, as it were, the simple odor of a country dairy, the draught was a tempting one to the poor novice. First she toyed with the golden straws that leaned attractively against the edge of the glass. Then she sipped a little coyly. By and by, as the taste grew more and more palatable and familiar, the rich white fluid sank lower and lower in the goblet until with a clink the ice stranded on the bottom and a hoarse gurgle of air rushed up the twin straws. Half frightened and wholly ashamed the poor child dropped the treacherous and empty tumbler as if it had bitten her.

With heightened color and brighter eyes she made a feint of eating the luxuries carefully put before her by the wicked pair who kept her company. It was clear that she was too nervous and too excited to really enjoy the meal, but she occasionally took a morsel, which in every instance seemed to stick in her pretty white throat.

Then I saw the harriidan stretch her short, fat leg under the table. Her tight laced shoe twice came in contact with the patent leather gaiter of her accomplice.

He quickly took the hint and called the waiter, who appeared as suddenly and as noiselessly as if he were a spirit summoned by a spell from the vasty deep or some other cave of mystery.

In a trice, after a whisper between himself and the male scoundrel he reappeared with three glasses. One of them was a second milk punch. The male scoundrel pushed it insidiously in front of their victim until it touched her arm. The color went with a bound to the roots of her hair and she recoiled as if from the hidden apparition of a rattlesnake.

"Nonsense, dear!" hoarsely whispered the old wretch in petticoats. "It won't harm you any more than mother's milk would! Why, it'll give you an appetite and fix you up and make you feel like you do at home. It's fresh milk and some flavoring—that's all it is, my dear."

The girl crimsoned to a still deeper hue. Then with an abandon which surprised me, she drank it off and did not put the glass down until it was empty.

She was very pretty—with her soft dark eyes, her bright flushed cheeks, her moist fresh mouth and her rich silken hair.

The two friends exchanged glances.

The waiter, magically reappearing, brought with him three glasses of brandy and two bottles of ginger ale.

The girl watched him half carelessly, half wonderingly as he mixed three stiff glasses of the fascinating and traitorous compound. In another minute he had cleared the table, collected his bill and gone.

"Here's something to finish with, my dear," said the old hag, coaxingly. "It'll settle your stomach after the rich things you've been eating."

I was prepared to see her reject it.

On the contrary, she drank it down as rapidly as I could. That moment I realized her desperation and the crisis which had occurred.

It was horrible, and I shuddered again.

The poor creature felt that she was bidding an eternal farewell to honesty and virtue. She was steeling herself, that was all.

The Jewish villain in the flashy clothes took her hand. She surrendered it to him without a shiver or a wince.

"You'll have bully clothes and as fine diamonds as there are in New York," he murmured.

She smiled—such a smile!

"Well, we'd better be going!" croaked the harriidan, hardly able to repress a grin of triumph.

Her accomplice slipped his arm round their victim's waist.

"What are we to call you?"

She stared at him like a stupid sheep.

"Fanny or Jennie or Maude, or what? We had a girl named Maude who looked just like you. A gentleman—a rich old 'un at that—got stuck on her and today she's a madame herself! Just think what a chance you've got!"

"That's so," mewed the hell cat opposite. "But she's an ungrateful hussy, and never did nothing for them as give her her start!"

As they staggered out, I followed them. The Jew, sober in his atrocious villany, walked between the two women.

They were both drunk.

I followed them to Greene street. They stopped before a house with closed blinds and red curtains on the door. A blaze of light poured over the transom and hiccoughs and laughter like that of sportive devils, came echoing into the street.

"Here we are—home!" gasped the she fiend.

The door opened—the axe was on the verge of falling!

"Stop!" I cried, thrusting a stout and eager figure to the front, "officer! arrest those people! They are abducting that girl!"

There were shrieks and curses then; in 48 hours a Pennsylvania girl happily bound homeward, and in 52 hours a harriidan and her accomplice comfortably under lock and key on Blackwell's Island.

There are good honest people who innocently wonder where the Grand Army of Lost Souls finds its recruits.

Bless you there are she beasts of the womankind who hunt daily for youth and beauty—and ignorance—just as hogs hunt for truffles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAPTAIN J. D. RHODES.

[With Portrait.]

Following close upon the tragic event that ended in the death of the gallant Capt. Webb, comes forward another ambitious swimmer who wishes to make the attempt to cross the rapids in Niagara river, where the captain lost his life. Foolhardy as this undertaking is, there is method in this man's madness, as he wishes to advertise a swimming armor he is interested in. He proposes to swim in this armor. Capt. Rhodes was born in Monroe, Mich., 41 years ago. He served three years in the late war, and for 15 years has been a leader of theatrical bands. In September, 1877, he dived into Niagara river from the bridge below the Falls four times. In October, 1877, he dived 86 feet at Portage Falls. In August, 1878, he leaped from the lighthouse at Ashabula in a storm.

PEEPING TOMS.

The Luscious Sight that the Keeper of a Bath
Treated his Friends to.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Kate Bennett, well known as an expert swimmer and teacher of swimming, has created quite a sensation by exposing what she claims to know of rather peculiar doings at the free public baths in New York.

Since 1870 she has been keeper on women's days at one or another of the free baths. For the last eight years she has been keeper at the Gouverneur street bath, and for some time her sister Teresa has been her assistant. On Aug. 6 the Misses Bennett resigned, "refusing," as they stated in the letter of resignation signed by both, "longer to be subordinate to such indecent and unprincipled management as the Department of Public Works permits."

Shortly before they sent in their resignations they received an order transferring them from the Gouverneur street bath to an up town bath. In their letter they say they do not know why they should be transferred, "except that they must be sacrificed in some way to Simon's indecency." The Simon they refer to is Julius Simon, one of the keepers of the Gouverneur street bath, whom Miss Kate Bennett charges with improper conduct toward the bathers.

According to Miss Bennett's story there were high old goings on at the baths. She says:

"Simon has been keeper at the bath since last summer. Not long after he was appointed I noticed that he was on ladies' day going to the pumps all the time, making this an excuse to get into the bath house. I objected strongly, and curiously enough after that the pumps did not have to be worked on ladies' day more frequently than on the other days. Soon after that I saw him go up to a girl in a bathing suit, catch hold of her arm and shove her toward the water. One evening after he had lit the gas he went up to a bathing room where two girls were undressing and looked in so that they had to press up into the shadow of the door. I asked them afterward if he had looked in, as I witnessed the proceeding from above, and wanted to be sure. They said: 'He stood right at the door and looked in, so we had to get into the shadow.'"

"Simon also allowed women of bad character and men to go into the bath after 9 o'clock at night. One night I remained there after 9, as there was a batch of bathers dressing. A woman came in and stood near. After a while we heard a man's voice outside. She exclaimed: 'Oh, that's my husband! He's come after me because he thinks I'm going in bathing with the men.'"

"Soon I began to notice that Simon allowed, on ladies' day, male acquaintances, especially policemen, into the rooms overlooking the bath, where they could observe the women. Once he brought in a policeman while my sister was in the room. She got up to leave, when the policeman said, as if there was nothing unusual in his presence: 'Oh, don't trouble to get up.' On other occasions I have heard policemen asking down stairs if such and such friends on the force were up in the room."

"Some of the bathers are too poor to wear bathing dresses. Besides, the bathing house doors are open at the top, and as the floors are wet the women stand on the benches to undress. They can be seen from the windows of the rooms up stairs. I use one of the rooms up stairs on ladies' day. When I am undressing before giving a lesson I close the door. Otherwise it is open. When it is closed every one employed about the house knows that I am in it. Last June I was preparing to give a lesson. I heard Simon come up stairs. After a while I heard the crunching of the gravel on the roof. There is trap leading to the roof from the room. I dressed as fast as I could. But not too fast. I had hardly finished when the trap was hastily lifted and in popped Simon. He made an excuse, saying he wanted a coil of rope. Not long afterward some girls told me he had used insulting language to them. 'If I told my father,' said one of them, 'he'd come and whip him. But I'm afraid he wouldn't let me come to the bath again.'"

"On the 6th of July things came to a climax. I employed a girl of about 13 in the bath. On the evening of that date I sent her up stairs for a taper. Simon followed her and attempted to take improper liberties with her. She ran away from him to Teresa. An hour afterward, while he was outside, I sent her to the room for some tea. He saw her and followed her, and attempted to assault her. She ran down stairs. Running after her, he seized her and threatened to throw her out of the house. Then my patience gave out. I had a cane—I'm sorry it was a split rattan, and not a club. I hit him over the head with it. He let go the girl, called me a trollop, and struck me on the chest. Then I took him and caged him until my arm was too tired to lift the stick again."

A ST. LOUIS ROMANCE.

The steamer Sidney, on her trip from St. Louis to St. Paul, on August 9, was the scene of a rather sensational marriage. Among the passengers were Samuel Little and Annie Bauchens, of East St. Louis, the former not quite 21, and the latter 18 years of age. They took passage on the steamer at St. Louis on Monday. They occupied different rooms on the boat, but their affectionate demeanour toward each other excited the interest of their fellow passengers and the officers of the boat, who soon learned that the young couple were desperately in love with each other, and that they had tried to get married at East St. Louis, but that the friends of the young man had prevented the issuance of a license on account of his not being of age, and that they resolved to leave home together and marry elsewhere. When the steamer reached Fort Madison the services of Rev. Stewart were secured, who promptly tied the nuptial knot, and the young couple went on their way rejoicing, intending to spend their honeymoon at the Minnesota summer resorts. The bridegroom is the son of William Little, a stockdealer at the National stock yards at East St. Louis, and the bride is a daughter of Adam Bauchens, a furniture mover at the same place.

THEY RAISED HIS HAT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of high-kicking nymphs at Coney Island, last week, got their pretty little backs up at an elderly dude who paid very serious attentions to them through his eyeglass. They succeeded, by pretending to be greatly smitten by his attentions, in luring him down to the water's edge, when they danced a can-can around him and wound up by kicking his hat into the billows. The dude retired in tolerably bad order and has not exhibited his charms on the sands since.

WHAT THEY THINK.

The Possibilities and Probabilities of the Slade-Mitchell Fight Discussed.

Sports Who Have Opinions and Sports Who Have None—And What the Opinions are.

The termination of the Sullivan-Slade encounter here and the approach of the meeting between Slade and Mitchell has started sporting circles talking of the merits of the respective fighters in argumentative strains. The following opinions have been gleaned by POLICE GAZETTE reporters and correspondents throughout the country on the topic:

Al. Smith, formerly of Chicago, says: "Slade is no doubt a plucky pugilist, but no match for Sullivan. I think he will defeat Mitchell, because he is taller and heavier than the English champion, and the latter is thus overmatched. In regard to Sullivan, I think that he is the greatest pugilist in the world, and that there is no man to beat him at present. I would match him to fight any man living for \$5,000."

Wm. M. McCoy says: "It will be a hard fight between Mitchell and Slade. If the Maori don't do better than he did with Sullivan, Mitchell will win. Sullivan is the greatest pugilist this country ever had, no matter what people say about Hyer and the rest of them."

Hiram Howe, of Prospect Park, in spite of the fact that he knows more about trotters than pugilists, has an opinion. He says, "Sullivan is the fastest pugilist in the business. I would bet money he could whip all the pugilists in the world day in and out for two weeks. I think Slade is an over-grown boy. He cannot hit hard, and I think Mitchell will whip him."

Hiram adds that he has a roll to back his opinions with.

Dr. F. W. Carver, the king rifle shooter, stated that he considers Sullivan the greatest pugilist in the world, and don't believe there is a pugilist living who can whip him.

"Do you think Slade will whip Mitchell?" asked the POLICE GAZETTE representative.

"Can Capt. A. H. Bogardus beat me?" asked Capt. Carver, modestly.

The reporter has since been trying to find out what he meant.

Dr. C. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, said to the Religious Editor of the GAZETTE:

"I am a public man and do not like to give an opinion on such matters. But Mitchell is undoubtedly a game and scientific pugilist. Slade I do not know much about as I have not had time to put on the gloves with him and test him."

Prof. Wm. Clark, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, declined to give any opinion for business reasons. "I know Slade to be a good old soul," he said, cautiously, "and so is Jim Mace. Mitchell is a cracker, and both will make a capital fight. I am going to look at it if business orks up. Sullivan! ah, now you're talking of the daddy of them all."

Ex-Alderman James Dunne, keeper of the Brooklyn City Hall, remarked with great originality: "Sullivan is a lucky pugilist, and it will be a hard matter to find an antagonist to meet him. In regard to the Mitchell and Slade fight, I think Mitchell is a great pugilist, but that he is over-matched."

The reporter retired with the ex-Alderman's blessing.

Paddy Dwyer, the Brooklyn sport, said Hjal H. Stoddard was the only man who could give Sullivan a battle. He thought Mitchell should whip Slade, judging from what he had seen in their contests with Sullivan.

Charley Johnston, of Brooklyn, said Sullivan was the greatest pugilist he had ever seen. He thought the Mitchell and Slade fight would be a hard one, and that Mitchell would win if the match was on the level. Mr. Johnston, it will be remembered, was the stakeholder when Joe Goss fought Paddy Ryan, and as he attends all the great fights his opinions are worth having, if only as opinions.

George Engeman, the popular turfman, is backing Mitchell. He thinks Sullivan is the king of the prize ring.

Jimmy Patterson says ditto, whatever that means. He regards Sullivan as the most ambidextrous pugilist alive.

Alderman Phil Casey, of Brooklyn, is a devout Sullivan man. He is said to sleep with a portrait of the Boston Boy under his pillow. Alderman Casey gave it as his belief that Mitchell is a great little man, and said he would bet \$500 that Mitchell would beat Slade on September 11.

Rev. Dewitt Talmage is a great lover of muscular exercises, at which he himself is no mean hand. In regard to the Slade and Sullivan contest he stated that it was a great exhibition of physical culture, and he thought Sullivan and Slade were the Hector and Achilles of the modern arena. He believes in boxing matches, and intends going to see Mitchell and Slade fight, with a view to challenging the victor for the benefit of the Tabernacle.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was found at his residence in Brooklyn. He was reading the last issue of the *Week's Loins*, while a POLICE GAZETTE lay on the table underneath his gold spectacles. The reverend gentleman had just read the graphic description of the Sullivan and Slade contest at Madison Square Garden, which he had been prevented from witnessing by a wedding engagement. He wept when he could not give any opinion on Slade's stamina and fighting abilities, but he assured the reporter that he would witness the coming fight at Kansas City if he could only work a pass there and back.

Gabe Case says Sullivan is the greatest pugilist that ever lived, and that Mitchell should whip Slade if the latter does not show up any better than he did with Sullivan. Gabe Case is betting his money on Mitchell, and expects to make enough to stand another quailing match next winter.

Johnny Murphy, the noted driver, is a Mitchell man, and says he will bet \$250 Mitchell whips Slade—when he gets the \$250.

Barney Aaron is a warm supporter of Slade, and says that Mitchell is too small to down the Maori. He is going to the fight if it costs him a leg.

James Kelly, of the firm of Kelly & Bliss, says: "I never bet any money on prize fighters." Race horses are good enough for him when they run his way. He thinks however, Sullivan, is one of the greatest pugil-

ists who ever lived, and that there is no man in the world able to defeat him. Mr. Kelly's opinions, as will be observed, are highly original.

Cridge, the champion bookmaker of New York, says Mitchell is one of the cleverest pugilists for his size he ever saw, and that he made a better fight with Sullivan than Slade. In his coming fight he should win. In regard to Sullivan he says: "He is a race horse of the Iroquois stamp. I don't believe Richard K. Fox will find a man to defeat him yet awhile."

Jim Irving is a strong Sullivan man. He thinks the champion invincible. In regard to the approaching mill Irving says: "Slade is big enough to whip any man in the world, but he lacks the hitting power. Mitchell should win, but I think he is over-matched."

David Bonner, the brother of Robert Bonner, a gentleman who admires all kind of legitimate sports, especially boxing and trotting, considers Sullivan the most wonderful pugilist he ever saw. He says Slade is no doubt a game man, judging from the manner in which he faced the champion, but he is not as clever or as scientific as Mitchell, and if weight and height don't tell, Mitchell should win the coming contest.

Frank Stevenson says, poetically: "Sullivan is all their daddies, and there is no man in the world can stand before him four three-minute rounds." Stevenson will back Mitchell as a game man, a better shifter and a harder hitter than Slade.

Harry Hill gives no opinion. He says he will be the referee, and therefore has nothing to say. "It was myself who first gave Sullivan his reputation when he beat Steve Taylor," added Mr. Hill, modestly. "When I handed him the \$50 I said he was the best pugilist I ever saw in my day, and that decision was published in all the papers throughout the country, and I haven't altered it since."

Tom Gould thinks Sullivan, after stopping all the best pugilists in the country, should retire on his laurels, like Morrissey, Heenan and the rest of the champions. He thinks that it is impossible for any pugilist living to beat him. Mr. Gould is going to see the Mitchell and Slade fight, and will back Mitchell for all he has to spare.

Dick Darling will back Slade to beat Mitchell. Darling says Sullivan is the boss of all the fighters.

James Pilkington, the oarsman and athlete, thinks there never was a pugilist who stood in the ring like Sullivan. He is going to see Mitchell and Slade fight, and will back the former.

John Smith, of Harlem, N. Y., says Sullivan is the wonder of the pugilistic arena, and never had an equal. He says Mitchell gave him the best battle, and he thinks the English champion will whip Slade.

Phil Dwyer, the owner of the best racing stock in America, says that after the beating Sullivan gave Slade, Richard K. Fox should give up spending his money trying to find a champion to defeat Sullivan, and buy a string of race horses with his surplus money. Phil Dwyer says Mitchell is the next best man to Sullivan in this country, and no matter how good or how big the Maori is on September 11, Mitchell will win in a gallop.

Owney Geoghegan says Mitchell should whip Slade, for he is an overgrown boy and does not know how to hit. Mr. Geoghegan is going it heavy on Mitchell.

Capt. James C. Daly, of the "Police Gazette" Sporting House, 235 avenue A, says with enthusiasm: "Mitchell will whip Slade because he is a dufer. Sullivan is the greatest pugilist in the world, and never had an equal."

Phil Clare, of South Brooklyn, thinks Mitchell will whip Slade. He says Sullivan is a game pugilist, and has won all his battles simply because he has not met any pugilist able to punish him. This, singular as it may seem, is regarded by many as very probable.

Alderman George Sterling, of Brooklyn, thinks Sullivan is a wonder, and can whip any of the pugilists in America. He says Mitchell is all the way a fighter, and he will back him to whip Slade.

William Murray, better known as "Crow" thinks Sullivan is a terror, and says it will be a hard fight between Slade and Mitchell. He expects the latter will win.

James Quigley, of Brooklyn, thinks Slade is the making of a first class pugilist, but that Mitchell will whip him.

Capt. Frank Bell thinks there is no man living who can defeat Sullivan.

Michael Costello, of Fulton Market, the Cicerone of the prize ring, thinks Sullivan cannot be beaten, now that Mr. Costello is out of the ring.

Prof. Vanslyke says Sullivan is the greatest pugilist of his time, and that he is improving in science and strength all the time. He says Slade will never make a first class pugilist, because he is not built for it and lacks hitting power. Mitchell is a clever pugilist and a hard hitter, and should whip Slade if ever they fight. The professor is the oldest teacher of boxing in America and should be a capital judge.

Wm. De Noelle says Mitchell is the next best man in this country to Sullivan, and will whip Slade.

George Erb, the sporting fireman, says Slade was a big monument in front of Sullivan, and that if he does not do better at Kansas City Mitchell will whip him.

Ex-Commissioner of Jurors Dunlap, of New York, who has seen all the pugilists, from Tom Hyer up to the present champion, thinks Sullivan the greatest pugilist that ever lived, and Mitchell a wonder for his age and size.

County Clerk Paddy Keenan, of New York, says Slade was over-rated and did not do as well with the champion as Mitchell.

Mike Cleary says: "Sullivan takes the cake, and can down them all. I would like to box Mitchell again when he gets through with Slade."

Bob Cathcart, the pool seller, says Sullivan is a good judge of distance, hits hard, knows what he is doing, and there is no pugilist living can whip him.

Jack McCormick says he would as leave have Trinity church steeple fall on him as one of Sullivan's blows delivered with full force, and that it is an open question which would do the most damage.

Jim Clute says Mitchell will whip Slade; that Mace only brought the latter to this country to make money for him, and he has done so.

John Taylor, of Jersey City, thinks Sullivan a wonder. He says next to Sullivan, Mitchell is the best and pluckiest little pugilist who ever faced the champion. Sandy Spencer says Slade was only a dummy in front of Sullivan, and that if he had come up in the fourth round Sullivan would have finished him and given the coroner a job, instead of leaving Mitchell to do it. Mr. Spencer is saving his pennies to back Mitchell.

Tony Pastor says Sullivan is a show in himself, second only to his own. He considers Mitchell a Sullivan No. 2.

Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien says Sullivan has a fortune at the tips of his fingers and Mitchell a modest competency in his.

Mark Maguire says he wishes Tom Hyer was alive or Sullivan's namesake, Yankee. Mr. Maguire is said to have a grudge against the dead champions.

Capt. Isaiah Rynders says Sullivan is the legitimate successor of Tom Hyer. The Captain would like to try a bout with him himself if he had time. Slade is a poor novice. He may be game, but only his battle with Mitchell will prove that.

Ed. Gilmore says the usual thing about Sullivan.

John Tierney, of Brooklyn, says Slade was only a chopping block for Sullivan, a big bag for him to punch at. Slade will attend to Mr. Tierney when he gets back from the West.

Sam Alexander thinks Steve Taylor can whip Slade, and that the latter had considerable check in facing Sullivan.

Jim Geddings, of Brooklyn, is a strong Sullivan man, but he thinks Mitchell will beat Slade.

Wm. Walnwright, of Rockaway, thinks Slade will whip Mitchell, and Sullivan can whip both of them in one ring.

John Shanley, of Williamsburg, is a strong Sullivan man. He thinks no pugilist living can stand before him four rounds, POLICE GAZETTE rules.

John H. Courtney, of Brooklyn, a well known sporting man, says Mitchell will whip Slade, because he is a game. "I look to see a long fight. In regard to Sullivan, the only man that can whip him is a man that can hit him hard enough to turn him round."

Henry Orringe thinks Slade will beat Mitchell, because the latter cannot give away forty pounds.

The Allen thinks Mitchell should whip Slade.

Bill Taylor, the sporting man of New Jersey, says he will back Slade, who he thinks will win by picking Mitchell up and throwing him.

Edward S. Stokes, the proprietor of the Hoffman House, says Slade greatly disappointed him when he met Sullivan. If the Maori does not fight differently when he meets Mitchell, the latter will win. He has not yet decided who he will bet on, but at present he prefers Mitchell.

Harry Jennings says Slade is a big, overgrown dummy, and Mitchell will whip Slade, but there is no danger of any pugilist whipping Sullivan.

Joe Coburn, who has boxed with Slade, says Sullivan had a soft thing with Slade. He was a big novice and knew nothing, and it was just as easy to punch at a swinging sand bag as to hit Slade. Mitchell made a better show with Sullivan, and it is likely he will whip Slade, but he is over-matched and has got an up hill job to whip the Maori.

Billy Edwards says: "Sullivan is a lucky pugilist, and he has made more money than any pugilist in this country. Slade did well for a novice, but he did not do as well as I expected. If Slade trains he will whip Mitchell and will have no hard task."

E. F. Mallahan is eager to pit Hjal H. Stoddard to box Sullivan four rounds. Mallahan thinks Slade will whip Mitchell.

James Wakely, better known as Brooklyn Jimmy, says he knew that Slade would be knocked out.

Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, says Paddy Ryan will give the champion a tough job to knock him out. Slade did better than he expected, and he should whip Mitchell.

Jerry Dunn, of Chicago, says: "Sullivan has no equal as a pugilist in the world. He is a friend of mine, and I am always with him any time he fights. Slade I have never seen box, but I don't think he is made of the right stuff to whip Mitchell."

Major Hughes, of Louisville, Ky., says Mitchell will whip Slade.

Arthur Chambers thinks Mitchell and Slade will fight and that the latter should win.

James Keenan, of the "Police Gazette" Exchange, Boston, was one of Sullivan's backers when the latter fought Ryan. Keenan places great confidence in Mitchell and will back him to whip Slade.

Jack Looney, of St. Louis, says Slade will be whipped.

Tom Kelly, of St. Louis, who seconded Ryan when he fought Sullivan, says Mitchell should whip Slade. John L. Sullivan, the champion, says Slade should whip Mitchell, because he will fight 40 lbs heavier, and Slade is nearly six inches taller.

Alderman Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, says he has seen all the fighters, but never knew a man that could whip Sullivan, who must be considered the greatest pugilist of modern times.

Patsy Sheppard, of Boston, says Slade will whip Mitchell.

Joe Goss, of the Saracen's Head, Boston, thinks Sullivan never had an equal in the prize ring, and that he could whip all the fighters he ever saw—except—Joseph Goss, Esq., in his prime.

BOUND TO GET HER RIGHTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A worthy Baptist minister of a white congregation, in Jersey City, was somewhat taken by surprise by the conduct of a blushing negro bride who had just tied fast to a loving groom of her own color by the silken cords of matrimony. He had tied them together in the most approved style of the church, and had given them his benediction, when the bride remarked: "Look a yer preacher man, has ye done gone and done dis business up all right?"

"Yes, my child," replied the parson. "You two are man and wife by all the laws of God and man."

"Yes, but look a yer, hasn't ye forgot some part of de ceremonial?"

"No, my child," said the minister. "You are one, and those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Yer can't fool dis child. I ain't gone to have no half way business about dis yer. Dis ars business ain't fixed till de parson salutes de bride."

And with this the dusky damsel threw her arms around the neck of the astonished minister and gave him a smacking kiss, the reverberation of which rattled the glass in the church windows.

CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Rev. Thomas Stigings, of the Baptist church, was all broke up last Sunday. He has been doing a little revival business lately near Greenville, N. J. He had made arrangements to baptize one of his converts in the placid waters of Newark Bay. Near where the ceremony was to take place a party of ballet girls, engaged for Kiraltys for the new spectacle of "Excelsior," were enjoying a bath. Having no male escort with them, and seeing how dextrously he handled the repentant sister, they made a break for the spot, and rushing into the water surrounded the worthy parson and cried out: "Here, old Pop, give us a duck, too!"

A FLIRT'S VICTIMS.

Two Young Men Commit Suicide on Account of a San Francisco Belle.

Clara A. Rennicks is a girl of less than nineteen summers, and yet to her beauty and flexible disposition are due the death of two young men and serious wounding of herself. Her first victim was Joseph C. Sanchez, a well educated young Spaniard, descended from one of the oldest of the old California families. His hot young blood naturally led him into many excesses and he rapidly squandered the estate left by his parents. He became infatuated with Clara, and at her instigation procured a divorce from his wife.

The young Spaniard, who was a musician, then wanted Clara to marry him, but she steadfastly refused, and the consequence was that on the night of the 31st day of last March he entered the Fern Leaf saloon, at No. 311 Dupont street, San Francisco, where she was employed, and fired four shots from a five-shot revolver at her. Three of the four took effect in her body, and the remaining ball the desperate musician sent crashing through his own brain, stretching himself dead at her feet. The girl was seriously and, it was thought at the time, fatally wounded, but her constitution withstood the shock and a month ago she was around as well as ever, with the exception of the loss of a finger.

Sanchez was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, near the western confines, and one morning last week the corpse of the second victim of Clara's wiles was found lying across the foot of his grave. The body was that of a tall, well built, dark complexioned young fellow, apparently between 25 and 30 years of age, and from his attire the casual observer would judge him to be in good financial circumstances. Near him lay a revolver of 31-calibre, with one chamber discharged, and no second glance was needed to ascertain the receptacle of the contents of the empty shell. In the centre of the right temple, as the head lay on the green mound covering Sanchez's resting place, was a small black hole, and a depression near the eye showed how the skull had been crushed in by the leaden bullet.

The body was recognized as that of George Blamire, who was under engagement of marriage to Clara. The deceased had taken out a marriage license, and the day for the wedding ceremony was fixed. At the appointed hour the minister was on hand, but Clara was not dressed, and not until 8:30 o'clock did she enter the sitting room in her bridal robe, a pale blue silk, presented to her within a fortnight. When all was in readiness the girl hurriedly arose and informed her mother that she was going around the corner to get a girl to stand up with her. She then threw on her hat and cloak and left the house with her white wedding gloves in her hand.

The expectant groom, his attendant and the minister sat quietly in the parlor chatting until after nine o'clock, when the girl's absence was commented upon and Blamire became restless and uneasy. At 10:30 o'clock the minister declined to wait longer on what he supposed the caprice of a giddy girl, and took his departure. Blamire remained until dawn, when he departed and, as is supposed, went to the cemetery and killed himself. Since that night Clara has not been seen.

A CROSS CASE OF DIVORCE.

The village of Atlanteville, L. I., has something of a scandal to wake the people from their Rip Van Winkle sleep. Everybody seems to be peculiarly alive to the interesting features of the case. Jeremiah H. Phillips was for a long time a resident of the village. He is said to be an industrious man and well connected. He had a comfortable home in the village, which he abandoned about a year ago because of dissatisfaction at his wife's conduct, as he alleged. Her name was unpleasantly associated with that of Edward H. Rider. After Phillips had left the place some of his friends kept their eyes wide open and played the spy, the result being, as alleged, that Rider was warned to be more circumspect in his behavior. It is said that he went away South. Recently he returned to Atlanteville. Within a few days Mrs. Phillips brought an action against her husband for absolute divorce on the ground of infidelity and abandonment. Rider called on Phillips at Rockaway Beach, where he is employed as foreman on the railroad, and advised him not to defend the suit. Some one told Phillips that if he did not defend he might suddenly find himself in jail for failing to pay alimony. The husband then filed his answer. He sets up a counter suit for absolute divorce, and alleges undue intimacy between Mrs. Phillips and Rider.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The County Commissioners of Vanderburgh county, Ind., will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of James Barber. James Barber is about 55 years old, 5 feet 11 inches or 6 feet high, stoop shouldered, gray hair; mustache small, sandy; slim built; weighs 160 pounds; is a little lame in right leg, the leg having been broken when he was young; scar on the right side of the leg; when last seen had a black slouched hat, snuff colored coat, black pants, nearly new, no vest, gingham shirt, brown and white blocks, heavy pair of boots; knot on left forefinger, near the end. Address all information to John Resing, Detective, Evansville, Ind.

THE DUDE CLUB AT ROCKAWAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a dude club at Far Rockaway, which has been putting in the summer in a quite novel way. As none of the members possess sufficient energy to tackle the surf themselves they have hired a party of young ladies, formerly of the Kiralty ballet, to bathe for them, while they watch them from the balcony of the club house. When they become exhausted at this arduous exercise they call the girls ashore to open wine for them and serve them with lunch. This is said to be quite the lum-tum thing in dudedom just at present.

ANNE FUSSELL.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Anne Russell is one of the charming young actresses who has been brought to the fore by the managers of the Madison Square theatre, who appear to have the happy faculty of selecting beauty and talent combined for the boards of their delightful little theatre. Her portrait, which we publish this week, is of such artistic merit that Mrs. Russell, the fortunate photographer who secured it, has found a large sale for it as a fancy picture entitled, "Solitude."



BEAUTY ON WHEELS.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON FEMALE BICYCLE CLUB DISCARD DUSTY CARS AND LUMBERING STAGES, AND MAKE THEIR SUMMER TOUR ON FLYING WHEELS.



SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.

HOW THE GOOD OLD DEACONS EVADE THE PROHIBITION RULES OF A JERSEY CAMP MEETING, AND SMUGGLE IN CREATURE COMFORT IN INNOCENT WATERMELONS.



A FREE LUNCH.

HOW A PARTY OF NEW YORK GAMINS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SLEEP OF A HOT CORN WOMAN AND INDULGED IN A FEAST OF THE SUCCULENT GRAIN.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE SAD DEATH OF A CYPRIAN IN A RICHMOND BAGNIO, CAUSED BY THE CARELESS HANDLING OF A LAMP AFTER A DEBAUCH WITH SOME OF HER FRAIL COMPANIONS.



FIGHTING THE LIGHTNING.

HOW TWO ELECTRICAL BELLES AIDED THEIR BROTHER AND SISTER STRIKERS TO MAKE THE WESTERN UNION WEAK IN THE KNEES, AND GIVE JAY GOULD A SET BACK.

THE PRIZE RING.

A Great Doom in Fistic Affairs all Around.

Preparations for the Mitchell-Slade Fight—A Lively Mill in Denver, and Another near New York.

The prize ring is again booming throughout the country, and coupled with the Slade and Mitchell battle, which is fixed for Sept. 11, several matches are proposed.

Hilal H. Stoddard, the noted pugilist of Oswego, N. Y., is eager to box Sullivan four three-minute rounds. If this match is brought about, and Stoddard makes a good showing, Mr. Richard K. Fox will match him to fight any man in the world for \$2,500 a side.

Wm. Sheriff, "the Prussian," is another pugilist eager for the fray. Arthur Chambers, his backer, says that if he does not succeed in arranging a match prior to the Slade and Mitchell battle, he will match his protegee to fight the winner.

Charley Gardener and Jack Reddy fought at Denver Col., recently, according to prize ring rules, for a purse. "Shavy" Smith was second to Gardener, and Gilbert Balls was second to Reddy. A ring was improvised by drawing a circle on the ground. In the first round Gardener struck Reddy a terrible blow. Reddy ran in and clinched, and in doing so violated all the agreements that had been made by setting his teeth on Gardener's thumb, biting him severely. Then releasing his hold, he set his teeth in Gardener's cheek, holding him with the grip of a bulldog. Then "Shavy" Smith, as Gardener's second, stepped up and demanded that Reddy should let go, and kicked him. Then Balls, the second to Reddy, made an assault on Smith, when the latter turned, threw Balls upon the ground and gave him a terrible kick over the eyes, cutting a bloody gash, while he required seven stitches by a surgeon to close. Then a general rough and tumble fight ensued between principals and a second is, and the struggle continued till all parties were so badly used up that they were mutually willing to quit. They returned to town, each by his own route, and all of them a bloody and badly mutilated set.

The proposed fight between Slade and Mitchell is attracting most attention, as it is the first important mill that has been arranged since the great battle between Sullivan and Ryan. What will be the result of the fight is of course purely a matter of conjecture. The Maori stands 6 ft 2½ in., and is a giant in build, while Mitchell is but 5 ft 8 in., weighs only 163 lbs., and is only a few months beyond 21 years of age. A representative of the POLICE GAZETTE recently met Mitchell at Kansas City. He said: "I am confident I will win, but I don't want to say anything about Slade." Mitchell said in reply to a query: "I don't know anything about his fighting qualities, and as far as the difference in our heights is concerned I can't say what figure that will cut in the fight, as I have never seen two such people as we are in the ring." Mitchell in training practices a good deal on the horizontal bar, at which exercise he is a champion.

Slade, with Jack Brighton, his trainer, arrived at Kansas City on the 11th inst., and on the 12th of August he selected a place for Slade to train, and the Maori will go right to work and prepare for the mill.

The glove fight for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, which represents the middle weight championship of Colorado, was decided at Turner Hall, Denver. The principals were John P. Clow, of Denver, and George A. Morrison, of Leadville. Over 1,500 persons were present, and there was considerable interest manifested over the affair; and after it was known that Thomas Cannon, of the regular police force, was referee, there was a large amount of betting. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, each round to last three minutes, with one minute's rest between them.

Following is a brief synopsis of the struggle by rounds:

First—Both sparred warily, Morrison making quick flints with his left, and Clow getting out of the way. The round ended without damage to either.

Second—Morrison led in this round with his left, hitting Clow on the side of the head. By a left leader and quick follow with the right on Morrison's part, Clow was brought to one knee, but recovered at once, holding the defensive until time was called.

Third—In this round Morrison continued his lead with the left and Clow warily held the defensive. No damage.

Fourth—Clow now used his long right effectively and Morrison was brought to his knees with a stiff blow.

Fifth—Hard right and left hitting on both sides was the feature of this round.

Sixth—This was a wary round, with a capital dodge by Morrison, who thus escaped a heavy blow from Clow's right. It was very neatly done, and reflects much credit upon Morrison's trainer, Walling, of Leadville.

Seventh—In this round Clow received one blow in the stomach from Morrison's left. Apart from this Clow forced the fighting, sending in several effective right and left blows.

Eighth—This was a tough struggle, and both men seemed off a trifle. Clow rallied, however, knocked Morrison down with a stunning blow, and then fought him hard on the ropes. Blood flowed rather freely on both sides.

Ninth—More hard hitting in this round, and Morrison evidently dazed. He saved himself, however, and kept up an appearance until time was called.

Tenth—Both men seemed "groggy," but Morrison was twice knocked down, and when time was called was lifted to his chair by his second. The test should have ended here.

Eleventh—In this round the men came together repeatedly, and Morrison seemed unable to let go, plunging in a limp sort of a way on Clow's neck, thus preventing a knock out.

Twelfth—Hard hitting commenced again in this round, Morrison showing up gamely. Toward the close he was again knocked down.

Thirteenth—Clow was clearly the victor when this round began. He led off freely with his right and left and punished Morrison severely, though the latter hung to the ropes for protection. Time was finally called and Clow walked sprightly to his corner.

Fourteenth—When time was called in this round Morrison refused to leave his chair, and finally fell prone to the floor, completely exhausted. After waiting one

minute the timers stopped their watches, the referee stepped to the front and presented the medal to John P. Clow, the middleweight champion of Colorado, who jumped over the ropes in retiring to his corner.

Long and loud cheers greeted the conclusion of the test, and at 12 o'clock the hall was cleared, after the gamest glove test ever witnessed in the State.

On August 6, at Denver, the medal was given to John P. Clow, and is now the personal property of that person. Of the five contests, he has won three, defeating Cush, Brown, at Leadville; and Morrison. In the other two, once with Pierson and once with Cush, he was defeated by the referee, in giving them the contest on the claim of foul. The medal is a very handsome one, and is valued at \$150.

At Syracuse, N. Y., on Aug. 8, at a boxing exhibition, Hilal H. Stoddard and Steve Taylor appeared on the stage. They were greeted with unbounded applause. Both men were in the best of condition, and presented a fine appearance. In the first round Stoddard got in some heavy body blows, which seemed to produce their effect. On the contrary, Taylor struck for the face. During the second round Stoddard forced the fighting. A well directed blow from Taylor sent Stoddard to the floor. He recovered himself in a moment and forced Taylor to the edge of the stage, when time was called. In the third round Taylor gave a fine exhibition of fancy sparring. Stoddard was unable to get in a blow, until near the close, when the men clinched. The final round was fought with apparent zest and earnestness. Both men received heavy blows. Stoddard, with a powerful and well directed blow, sent his antagonist to the floor, thus terminating the evening's entertainment.

After the show Ned Mallahan, who has had dealings with Jim Mace, Joe Coburn and other noted "pug," said: "I am overpleased with Stoddard for the reason that he behaved so admirably. He faced the second best man in the country, Steve Taylor, and when it is considered that Stoddard appeared before a public audience for the first time in his life, he did remarkably well."

"He strikes a powerful blow," remarked Steve Taylor, referring to Stoddard. "I have faced Sullivan and several of the best men in the country, and I tell you that Stoddard's blow on my face last night made me feel as if I had run against a mule's heels. He is plucky and willing, and receives his punishment like a man. I think with proper handling and training he will be a hard man for Sullivan to whip."

George McCarthy, the Fourth Ward boxer, tried to make Mike Murphy believe, by argument, that Sullivan's muscle and tremendous strength made him win and defeat Slade, and not scientific boxing. Murphy doubted McCarthy's theory, when the latter agreed to show Murphy in a practical way for \$100. Murphy is only a novice, while McCarthy is a professional pugilist. The match was made, and it was decided that four three-minute rounds should be fought, and if Murphy succeeded in knocking out McCarthy in the twelve minutes he was to receive the \$100. The affair created quite a breeze, and McCarthy's friends were certain he would win, as Murphy had no science, while McCarthy is a scientific pugilist. The contest was decided on Aug. 10, in a room, and only a few persons were present. Murphy had the best of the first round, but in the second McCarthy led off with a right hand hit on Murphy's nose. Murphy countered on McCarthy's ear and knocked him down sprawling. At the expiration of ten seconds time was called and McCarthy sprang to his feet, but was immediately stretched on the floor by another blow on the nose. When time was called McCarthy again toed the scratch, but after a few passes was again knocked down. At the opening of the second round, after half a dozen passes, McCarthy was knocked clean head over heels by another blow on the nose. From this point on McCarthy fought on the defensive, Murphy forcing him all round the room. McCarthy adopted Tug Wilson's tactics, constantly falling to his knees. When time was called at the end of the round McCarthy was on his knees on the floor. He came to the scratch for the third round, but was knocked down a couple of times. He failed to come to time, and Murphy was declared the winner. The fighting lasted about seven minutes. McCarthy was booked as a sure winner, and his defeat surprised the talent, but proved his theory "that tremendous strength and hitting overcome science."

A SINGULAR CASE.

A most remarkable suit is pending in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. A well known old bachelor, who is in business in New York and resides in this city, has sued an unmarried lady to recover about \$350 which he alleges she borrowed. The young lady is the daughter of a gentleman who in his lifetime was one of the best known men in this city. At his death he left a good estate, and his widow and family reside in their own elegant brown stone house on Gates avenue, and are supposed to be well off. One daughter married a Methodist divine, who, it was said, was subsequently prohibited from preaching on account of his wife. The old bachelor and the other daughter were on intimate terms for a very long time. The intimacy ceased and she was engaged to be married to a lawyer. The old bachelor came to the front and lent his money to buy wedding clothes. Something happened and the wedding didn't take place. Then the old bachelor and the young lady renewed their former relations. One afternoon the old bachelor called by appointment to take the young lady out. Being on intimate terms, he went into the basement and sat in the dining room chatting to the mother. The mother had previously told him that her daughter was getting ready and would be down soon. Hearing footsteps in the parlor overhead, he asked who it was, and was told it must be the servant and the house cleaner. After awhile he heard voices which excited his suspicions. Saying he would be back soon, he went out and watched. In a few minutes the front door was opened and the young lady was seen bidding a free and tender farewell to a middle aged male stranger. The old bachelor went back to the house and there was a scene. He departed, vowing he would never set foot in the house again. He has kept his word, and sues to recover the money he advanced for his lady's trousseau.

A FREE LUNCH.

[Subject of Illustration.] "This is just bully," said a hungry looking street Arab, as he found an old hot corn woman dozing off on one of the benches in Washington Square the other evening. It was not long before he was joined by two of his companions, and a right royal feast did they have of the succulent grain while the dame slept.

LITTLE EVA'S DEATH.

A Tragedy in a Travelling Showman's Camp in Montana—Was it a Murder or an Accident.

A tragic affair occurred at Dillon, Montana, around which there hangs a doubt as to whether it was an accident or a murder.

At about 5 o'clock Tuesday P. M., Aug. 7, some carpenters at work on a new house, about a mile north of Dillon and near the Beaverhead river, were alarmed by loud cries for help coming from across the river. The men started on a run for the bridge, which is a short distance from the house. The first of the party who reached the bridge saw a slat that he don't care to see again soon. A man had just stepped on the bridge carrying a young girl in his arms and yelling for help. Both were covered with blood from a bad wound in the girl's head. The man ran across the bridge with the horrible burden and laid it down. As he did so the man catching a glimpse of the shattered and empty head—the brains being all gone—uttered a horrified exclamation and made a move as though about to jump into the river. He acted like a lunatic and talked in a very wild manner about the girl, saying something about her wanting to be an angel and that now she was one. He was taken in charge by Deputy Mikus, who ironed him and placed him in the jail. The body of the girl was found near the bridge, with face, hands and clothing covered with blood. The whole top of her head from above the left ear diagonally across to above the right eye was gone, the brains emptied and the left side of the face blackened by powder. In the wagon at the camp, near by and where the affair happened, were found a rifle and double barreled shot gun, with one barrel of the latter empty. They were lying on the trunks in the wagon with the muzzles toward the seat. The inside of the wagon cover was thickly splattered with brains and blood, right over the seat, showing that the girl was in the wagon when the accident or murder happened and fell out near the right fore wheel, as that was where the bulk of the brains were found. Pieces of skull were found 20 feet away.

On inquiry it was learned that deceased's name was Eva Clark, aged about 15 years, of Madison street, Chicago, where she resided with her mother until about four months ago when she engaged as an assistant to the prisoner, who is a magician, psychologist and magnetist, for a tour through the Northwest and the Pacific coast. The prisoner's name is Charles A. Lewis, whose home is at Miles City, at which place his wife is living and keeping a millinery store. He is about 45 years old and quite good looking. Has black hair, mustache and goatee. The two were travelling together, in a large covered wagon, giving magical and sleight-of-hand performances.

The girl Eva was lively and made many acquaintances. She was fair looking and had an abundance of beautiful, dark hair. She was well educated, and sang sweetly. Shortly before the tragedy occurred Lewis went over to a Mr. Selways, where Eva was making some candy, and took her away to the camp to help him pack up, as he said. When next seen the girl was dead. Lewis says he and Eva were packing up preparatory to starting to Ogden. That a few minutes before the gun went off she had put on a green blouse and was in the wagon after a gold trimmed cap which she said she would put on and then run over and show Mr. Selway. He heard the gun go off and rushed to where Eva was lying, and raising her in his arms started on a run to Mr. Selway's calling for help, thinking that she was only badly hurt. That when he got to the east end of the river bridge he saw that the whole top of the girl's head was gone, he dropped the body, and remembered no more until he found himself in a cell of the jail.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The Sad Death of a Cyprian in a Richmond Bagnio.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some months ago a tall, beautiful and stately looking brunette appeared in Richmond, and her loveliness of face and form, together with her refined, aristocratic bearing, attracted general attention, and no little surprise was expressed when it was known that she had gone to a house of ill-fame. She was only eighteen years of age, and united to the charm of beauty a quick wit and fine conversational talent, and with these attractions she speedily became the belle in that reckless circle of cyprians with whom she had deliberately cast her lot, and was soon the reigning toast among a set of fast men. She was known as Grace Sherwood, and the particulars of her history were a mystery. It was evident she was of good family and well educated, but she was reticent when questioned further.

On Aug. 12, about 2 o'clock, she retired. She was alone, and the door of her room locked on the inside. She blew in the lamp and it exploded, throwing the burning fluid all over her. She screamed, but could not make herself heard, and her agony was so intense that she sank down in the midst of the fire, which caught the furniture of the room. Passers by saw the flames and rushed in. She was burned from her feet to her neck, the flames having spared her pretty face. She died the next day after intense suffering. The funeral ceremonies were very affecting. Her remains were incased in a fine rosewood casket lined with satin and silver plate, and contained the words, "At Rest." All the leading women of her unfortunate set we present, and the floral decorations were exquisite and numerous. The Rev. Dr. Schaffer officiated, and embraced the opportunity to make an affecting address to her sisters in sin.

SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Oh, that watermelon." Deacon Jones loved watermelons. He also loved other things, among them a drop of old rye, and other deacons' wives. A camp meeting was his strong point. There he could revel in all that made his heart glad. There were plenty of the sisters present, and a watermelon patch could always be found near by where the farmer did not keep a dog. His greatest trouble was that the regulations of the camp ground were so strict that the brethren who were appointed to do police duty, who were always thirsty, kept a sharp look out for every drop of liquor that was attempted to be smuggled into the sacred grounds, and confiscated it. But the good old Deacon Jones struck on a glorious idea. Watermelons are not prohibited articles. The deacon discovered that a bottle of whiskey could be neatly inserted in the in-

terior of an innocent looking melon, and now when he cuts a watermelon to his tent, some of the sisters and a jolly old brother deacon are sure to be on hand, and they go away feeling better for the spiritual consolation they have received.

A TRIANGULAR FUEL.

An Aug. 14, at Fayette Station, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, Va., Lee Reeves, a mulatto, about 21 years of age, met Edward Nolan, a Frenchman, walking down the railroad track toward the station, and began cursing Nolan, who evaded the negro, succeeding in getting to the depot, where he (Nolan) found friends. He went to the negro and asked him why he had used such language, when the negro replied by an oath, drew a self-acting revolver, and fired at Nolan. The ball struck the neck, under the chin and passed through. Reeves also fired at John Huddleston and another man, name unknown, the bullets taking effect in Huddleston's neck, about the same position as in Nolan's. The unknown man was shot in the body. Nolan and Huddleston cannot live; the third man may recover. The negro took to the mountains and has not yet been arrested, although detectives and citizens are out in large numbers scouring the mountains for him. A large reward is offered for Reeves' arrest, and he will no doubt be hung if found.

TWO OF A KIND.

John W. Price and Maggie Price were arrested at Washington, O., on Aug. 14, charged with bigamy. An examination of the records shows that Price has been a much-married man, he having at this time four wives living, from none of whom he is divorced. He first married Mary Griffin in 1869; then he next married Jane Nichols in 1870. For this second marriage he served one year in the penitentiary of Ohio. When released he procured license to marry Jane Stewart, but the records at the probate office show no return of a certificate of marriage. This was in 1874. In 1878 he was again married, this time to Nancy A. Thompson, and then again, in 1882, he was married to Maggie Terrill. It is for this last marriage that he was arrested.

Maggie Terrill has not had as much married experience as her new husband, but sufficient to send her to do the State service. Her marriage to Price is her second venture. She was married to John Carter in 1877, and without waiting for Carter to procure a divorce, or even applying for one herself, she married Price in 1882.

A HORRIBLE MURDER.

A most horrible and atrocious triple murder was committed near Point Burnside, Ky., on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, on Aug. 13. Three men, named Joseph Claiborne and James and Joseph Randall, drew their month's pay the day before, and it was reported that the Randalls had a large sum from the bank. They worked on the road and camped in the woods. Frank Stagle and an accomplice crept into the camp and cut off the heads of two of the sleeping men, and ridled their bodies with bullets, and partially cut the head of Claiborne. They then robbed them and threw the Randall brothers over a cliff 100 hundred feet high, and while about to throw Claiborne over were frightened off. He lived long enough to give Stagle's name. The murderers fled and separated. Stagle was captured at Monticello, Ky., and returned to Point Burnside. It is reported that a band is organized to mob him. A large reward will be paid for his accomplice's capture. The murdered men were well to do and quite popular.

A MURDERER SECT.

Jim McDonough, who murdered Pat Malloy at midnight on the 13th of June, 1881, at the corner of Central avenue and Liberty street, Cincinnati, was himself shot and in all probability fatally wounded on Aug. 14, by John W. Day in Frank Kelly's saloon, Central avenue. Both parties were under the influence of liquor at the time, but Day, according to all statements, was called from bed by McDonough, and used his weapon when McDonough approached him, after being warned to keep back. The bullet entered McDonough's left breast three inches below the collar bone and perforated the lung, and then probably ranged downward toward the heart. It could not be traced. Day, who was promptly arrested, is 33 years of age, and single. He is employed as a laborer by Kelly, who, besides running the saloon, is a contractor for paving, building and general work.

FIGHTING THE LIGHTNING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The striking telegraphers have hosts of sympathizers, but none more ardent than two young ladies of Westchester county, in this State, who no doubt have a particular liking for two particular operators in the Mott Haven office. Fired with a determination to do their little bit in crippling the giant monopoly which is trying to keep their lovers from having any spare cash to lavish on ice cream, they lately armed themselves with an improvised saw, and mounting one of the poles did good work in severing the connection. As there is a reward offered for any one found amusing themselves in this way, we refrain from giving names.

BEAUTY ON WHEELS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston has a female bicycle club. The fair damsels of the Hub believe in culture, not only of the brain, but of other parts of the human anatomy. If the present spirit of physical education continues, the Boston dealers will have to increase their supply of large sized hosiery, as well as furnishing extra sized hats. The latest novelty is for a couple of the members of the bicycle club to make a tour through the quiet country roads of Massachusetts on the swift flying wheels, discarding the use of cars or sages, and dispensing with the use of a male escort. They get through all right every time.

WOMEN'S VENGEANCE.

John McCammon's ill-treated wife died from abuse and neglect, and was buried at Seymour, Ind., on Aug. 2. In the evening a crowd of women, numbering fifty or more, captured the husband, half drunk, dragged him into the street, tied and bound him hand and foot, and had begun to horsewhip him, when the city marshal interfered, probably just in time to save the man's life.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

The Chicagoans have taken a new lease on life. Brothers still continue master of the ash.

Wolves juggled himself out of \$25 in a recent game at Cincinnati.

The New Yorks have the dead wood on the Philadelphia and can knock them out right along.

The Brooklyn club are playing a game which is making all the interstate clubs quake in their boots.

The Cincinnati and St. Louis scries are amusing themselves by throwing spit-balls at one another.

Sinners was just cute enough to try and collar a cool little \$100 on O'Brien, but Mason and Sharshig shut him off.

If the Metropolitans don't float the championship pennant this year it will be because they are not able to win it.

The Philadelphia were as happy as a child with a new toy when they won their first game from the New Yorks.

The many friends of Crowley, of the Woonsocket club, have presented him with an elegant gold watch worth \$1.50.

The coons are doing good work in St. Louis, as they have knocked out all the coon clubs with which they have come in contact.

The New Yorks are about on a par with the Philadelphia, so far as baseball playing is concerned when pitted against other strong teams.

The New Yorks would be the finest club in the country if they only knew how to play ball, but they are deficient in fielding, batting and base running.

Preety Poll has been "dumped," and he now looks as crestfallen as a peacock without its feathers. He isn't anything like the dude he was two weeks ago.

The Cleveland Leader says: "Decker ought to write a book on what he knows about umpiring—it would only take him a second—and then go and jump into the lake."

We are glad to see the Boston Globe have spunk enough to want to see fair play on the ball field, and attack the disturbers of the game through their baseball column.

Who is the judge? A Cleveland scribe says that Decker made 38 errors in his umpiring. I am no judge, but am willing to bet that the scribe made 39 of the 38 errors.

The Fall River News seems to have dead roots in against Providence, and in nearly every issue of their paper they give the Providence press a thump and the admirers of baseball a kick.

Campenter spiked Whitney to the bone in the Cincinnati-Louisville game, Aug. 8, while sliding for the home plate, which has laid Whitney up, probably for the remainder of the season.

Fenoy Malone has been chosen to manage the Quicksteps, of Wilmington. Now since the club has somewhat there is hope of their doing better work from now until the close of the season.

The Columbus club, bum as they are, got at the Harrisburg club, which led in the interstate championship race, and pounded them in a pretty lively manner, and won with ease by a score of 8 to 3.

The St. Louis club want the earth; they get it when they are home, and because the umpire doesn't give them every close decision away from home they howl about the manner in which they are being skinned.

The Providence scribes score games according to their whims. If angry because their pets get beaten they vent their spite on the players. When they win they plaster it thick and make their record look well.—Fall River News.

The Allegheny's have the consolation of knowing there is one club they can beat any way, and that is the Baltimore, who go around over the country like a lot of vagrants, picking up a stray game from any club that feels like dropping it.

A series of games will be played for the championship of the "Buckeye State," between the Clevelands, Cincinnati and Toledo. It is fair to predict, however, that the Clevelands will win it, as the other clubs can't hold a candle to them.

Mason was a sick looking cat when the amateurs pounded him out of the diamond. It was then that it first dawned upon him that his ball playing days were over; but we could have told him that ten years ago if we had known he wanted the tip.

One of the worst exhibitions of ball playing which has taken place this season was a seven innings game between the Buffalos and Chicagoans, at Buffalo, Aug. 14, when the home team won by 19 to 17. Heavier batting has not been seen since.

The Columbus croakers made a grand kick at McMichael in the Columbus-St. Louis game August 9. The police were called on to preserve order, but they were too cowardly to enforce the law, consequently the wolves were allowed to howl themselves hoarse.

The Cincinnati, through cover of the manager of the Shamrocks, have removed the disabilities of George Miller in order to let him go to Louisville for the remainder of the season. Probably Louisville didn't have to pay a fat "bonus" for this act of generosity.

The Metropolitans presented Holbert with a gold watch and chain, but they did it in a modest way, simply handing it to him after the game was over and the crowd dispersed, and asking him if he couldn't "do up the beer" for the management and the Press.

Shaffer is covering the right garden to perfection, but he takes the cake for calling "I can't get it, I can't get it," when the ball is falling straight into his hands. He thinks he is deceiving the base runners and will then make a double play, but the boys are up to these stale tricks.

There is a general howl throughout the league of the unjust treatment the clubs are subjected to by the press and supporters of the game when they visit Providence. It seems to be growing worse instead of better, and it reflects great discredit upon the management of the Providence club.

Walsh, who was too cowardly to umpire the game in Philadelphia between the Metropolitans and Athletics, in a strictly partial manner, disgusted the entire assemblage of 9,000 spectators by giving all close decisions to the Athletics, and was greeted with groans and hisses for his palins.

The August Flowers weakened in their own month. They were booked to play the Burlingtons, Aug. 8, and after trying conclusions with that club for five innings, and seeing that their chances for winning the game were very slim they trumped up a childish excuse and slunk out of the game.

The Columbus people were all broken up over the fine style in which the St. Louis-Columbus game of Aug. 9, was played, when the visitors won by a single run. It raised hopes in their breasts and they think there is still a chance for Columbus to win, but if they do, it will be at some other game than baseball.

The Providence people applauded the Boston Aug. 9, in the Boston-Providence game at Providence, when the Boston were the winners by a score of 1 to 0. It was such a rare occurrence that they sent a telegram to Boston to let them know that their club had been as "warmly applauded as the home team."

The Metropolitan Exhibition Company have prohibited the Ball Players Record, a local journal devoted to the science and art of baseball, from being sold at the polo ground, on account of Papa Chadwick publishing an article which displeased the management. These big monopolists seem to rule the universe.

It is a caution if the Peoria boys didn't drop their wealth when they backed up the Union Pacifics, of Omaha, against Dan O'Leary's "pot-luck" Indianapolis team. A whole carload of them could have been put in a nutshell after the game was over, and they had a half of a time scraping up money enough to get home with.

Deasley is working Von der Ahe to the queen's taste. He was engaged to play with the St. Louis club at \$1,800 a year. He struck for \$2,000 and got it. Seeing how easily Germany gave in, he commenced to whine about the Bostonians owing him \$300, and Von der Ahe planked that down. Now Deasley is at a loss as to how he can work another racket.

Providence people are fine winners, but about the worst losers on the face of the globe. They cheer most vigorously when the Providence club make any kind of a play, but it is discouraging for a vis. ing club to go to Providence and make fine plays, as they are only met with sibs which makes a player think he has committed some terrible deed.

The Cleveland Herald says: "The Buffalos are about the hardest looking of men in their barber pole suits that can be imag-

ined. The uniform makes Deacon White look like a tough, Jim Galvin like a jailbird, Jim O'Rourke and Dan Brothers like Bash-Basourks, Davy Force like a circus clown, and Hardy Richardson resembles a tramp in masquerade attire."

As Manager Bancroft was driving to the grounds yesterday he spied a horse shoe in the middle of the street. He got out and captured it and nailed it over the dressing room door. He says he is a quite superstitious enough to think that this had any effect on the home team's winning the game yesterday, but he is going to have it galvanized, just the same.—Cleveland Leader.

COLEMAN had his humorous vein tickled in a recent game at Philadelphia, by a foul ball upsetting a pail of lemonade, and another alighting in a basket of refreshments and scattering its contents. He laughed so immorally that he was disarranged for the remainder of the game. He muffed all the fly balls that came to him, and struck out at the bat, but still kept on laughing.

The Louisville correspondent from Cincinnati, carries favor with the Louisville people, by calling the Cincinnati-Louisville game of Aug. 9 a "dismal game," because the Cincinnati happened to win by a score of 5 to 0. There were just 8,000 persons present, however, who failed to see anything dismal about the game, beyond the expression on the faces of the Louisville players—which would have drawn mildew on a dry stone.

McNicol got knocked silly by a ball hitting him in the throat at Columbus in the St. Louis-Columbus game, Aug. 11. He had pluck enough, however, to stick it out, and unimpaired to the finish by making signs, as he was unable to speak, and on the following day, as his voice had not yet returned, Manager Phillips acted as his interpreter, and put in big ticks for his own club, coming within one run of winning the game.

The Cleveland seem to think their lot harder than any of the other clubs, and are squealing about being hustled all over the country, and kept on the road all night in order to meet their engagements. There are just about seven other league clubs that do the same thing, and we fail to see where the Clevelands have any more hustling about than any of the other clubs. Probably they would like to be put in glass cases and moved about in special palace cars.

The Sporting Life, in order to curry favor with Nutrie and the baseball men in general, has made a weak and childish attack upon "Papa" Chadwick in reference to the fracas at the polo ground. Abuse is by no means an argument, and had the writer known more about his subject he would hardly have been so foolish as to expose his ignorance by attempting to state the facts of the case with no further knowledge than Nutrie's version of the affair.

About the freshest specimen of humanity that we have seen for some time past is Fox, of the Quicksteps, of Wilmington, Delaware, who acts as though the world would collapse were it not for his existence. He made a great impression while his club were playing in Brooklyn, however, as everybody was asking, and especially the ladies, who that distinguished looking and important gentleman was, and the answer always came, "Oh, that is Mr. Fox, of Wilmington, Delaware, the orator of the diamond field."

The baseball reporter of the Cleveland Leader has been up in a tree looking at the directors of the Cleveland club, and has come to the conclusion that they have made a very grave mistake in shutting Daily off for refusing to play ball. The latter says he has a sore arm, but the management doesn't take much stock in it, and think it is only one of his crazy tricks, and have laid him off without pay until he recovers. When this youth, who sees so much from up a tree knows Daily as well as we know him, he will know a thing or two more about his tricks.

There's a man who owns a little frame house that stands bang against the centrefield fence, and he has been drawing quite a little revenue by renting seats on the roof to impudicent baseball lovers who have not the required amount of wealth to purchase admission to the grounds. Yesterday the directors ordered the height of the fence to be increased in order to shut out the rascals, but the enterprising individual was equal to the occasion and built up his roof so that his customers could still overlook the fence. The directors will have to try a new scheme on him.—Cleveland Leader.

As Burdock stepped to the bat yesterday in the second inning he was presented by umpire Bradley with a magnificent gold watch, chain and chain, handsomely encased. The watch is of Waltham manufacture, is open faced, and on the inside case is inscribed "Presented to John J. Burdock, captain of the Boston Baseball Club, by his friends, Aug. 8, 1883." A more deserved compliment was never paid to the king of second basemen. His work in the last dozen games, both at the bat and in the field, has been more brilliant than ever, and of inestimable value to the success of the nine.—Boston Globe.

The Boston Globe says: "Providence is rapidly establishing itself as the mecca of baseball town in the Union, as far as decent treatment by either press or public is concerned. It was pleasant to compare the impartial and courteous treatment that the Providence received yesterday with the partisan and spiteful abuse showered upon the Bostonians whenever they visit Providence. Every fine play and hit made by the Providence was enthusiastically applauded and every point was appreciated. At Providence the home runs of Whitney and Burdock were received with terror-stricken silence, and the magnificent throws of Horning were passed over as a thing not worthy of attention."

MANAGER SULLIVAN, of the St. Louis club, who is about knee high to a grasshopper, got into an altercation with Deasley and Lewis of his team, who were having a quiet little racket in a billiard saloon in the wee hours of the morning, when Sullivan thought they ought to be in bed. The boys had just about enough grog in them to get along without Sullivan's slack, so they concluded they would do their manager up. Sullivan was one too many for them, however, so he slipped down a mouse hole and let these two have the whole town to themselves. They were content until they saw a policeman, who they thought was taking up too much room, when a row ensued which resulted in the "coppers" using their sticks pretty freely and chucking the youths in the ice box until next morning, when the Mayor turned them over to Manager Sullivan, for a quiet little \$15 apiece. They both had pretty sore heads, Lewis' hair being tangled so much with dried gore that he had to have it shingled, and Deasley preferred standing up to sitting down. They don't think fighting is as much fun as it is cracked up to be.

The management of the Brooklyn club did an act of generosity Aug. 15, which it would do well for some of the other club managers to copy after. The St. Louis club were advertised to play with the Brooklyn on that day, and an immense throng gathered about the grounds, over three thousand of them paid their admission fee. The St. Louis club failed to put in an appearance, and rather than disappoint the crowd the management played an exhibition game with a picked nine. The crowd felt perfectly satisfied that they had the worth of their money. The management, however, did not feel satisfied, and refunded every cent of the money taken in at the gate. They gave coupons to those who refused to take back their money, the coupons being good for any time during the remainder of this season or for the next five years to come. The Brooklyn people were so much pleased over this open-hearted act of generosity that they now give their fullest support on all occasions, and speak of the Brooklyn management in the very highest terms. This is something which has never before occurred in the baseball arena, where the spectators have been treated to a ball game, and had their money refunded also. Nothing shows the style in which the Brooklyn people appreciated this treatment more than the fact, that of the 3,000 people present, only between 200 and 300 cashed in their coupons, while the others retained theirs until a later date, thus showing their implicit confidence in the Brooklyn management.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was an umpire a success. It was very kind of him to stand in a hot sun for two hours and a half and offer to be in a thankless position. It was very amusing to see how his decisions were received. There was probably never a game where the umpire was not treated to more or less occupation—generally more. But not one decision of John's excited a murmur. When a poor ball was called a strike, under circumstances that would have occasioned lively kicking, the victim looked at John mildly, timidly and appealingly, like a lamb led off for slaughter. Without joking, John would make a splendid league umpire. There would be no kicking or squabbling, no bandying words or bulldozing with him. A glance of that eye and a gesture of that arm would go farther than all the bravado of some of the umpires of the day. John attends many of the league games on the grounds, and has doubtless often said to himself or to a friend on witnessing the awful and soul-harrowing exhibitions of would-be umpiring on the grounds this season: "Why, I could do better than that dunder myself." How Aston a jaw would drop and Dunlap's chin would fall; how Purcell would let his mustache droop, and sink away like a dog with his tail down; how Bob Ferguson's tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth, and Blonde Shaffer shiver in his tracks when placed in juxtaposition with John Lawrence Sullivan! Where would Lane, Bradley, Kelly and Daniels be, compared with him?—Boston Globe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its enormity, in

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday. Price 5 Cents.

W. S. M., New York.—A wins, for Sullivan won. H. J. McS., Loganport, Ind.—John L. Sullivan is married. M. E. V. B., Rochester, N. Y.—We forwarded your letter. A. R., Denver, Col.—The English Derby was first run in 1780. J. M. C., Chicago, Ill.—John L. Sullivan 195 lbs., and Paddy Ryan, 185 lbs.

S. M., Boston.—Tom Sayers won first knock down when he fought Harry Poulson.

P. W. S., San Francisco, Cal.—Hindoo won the Tennessee S aces at Louisville, Ky., in 1880.

J. H. C., Cincinnati.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds, 49m, Jan. 20, 1841.

Pasvaz.—B wins. Richard K. Fox made no such bet over the Sullivan-Wilson glove contest.

D. M., Austin, Texas.—Flora Temple's fastest time, in harness, was 2:19 1/4 at Kalamazoo, Mich.

T. W. S., Hazlet, Pa.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, England, May 15, 1826. 2. He died Nov. 8, 1865.

D. S., Coney Island.—In France, April 10 to 14, 1880, in a 4,000 point game George Slosson ran 1,106 points.

Jazzar, Beverly, N. J.—Send for the "Life of Jim Mace," which will give you all the information. Price, by mail, 30 cents.

D. W. B., Williamsport, Pa.—Ten Brook, the race horse, is not dead. He is doing service at the stud on Harper's stock farm in Kentucky.

T. P., Albany, N. Y.—Owen Swift was born Feb. 14, 1814, and he entered the prize ring on April 4, 1823, when he defeated Tom McKeever.

F. F. C., Detroit, Mich.—Dan. Donnelly did fight in England at Crawley Hurst, a little over 30 miles from London, when he defeated Oliver.

D. S. G., Chicago.—We cannot back you as we have not the time to devote to your interest which would be necessary to protect our money.

J. L. L., Troy, N. Y.—I Bogardus has broken 5,500 glass balls out of 5,851 shots, in 7h 5m 2s. 2. He accomplished the feat in New York, Dec. 20, 1873.

J. H., Covington, Ky.—Jay Eye See is a gelding and not a stallion. 2. Phyllis is a stallion, and on Aug. 2 trotted a mile in 2:15 1/4 at Cleveland, Ohio.

P. G., Baltimore, Md.—1. Tar is the best to harden the hands. 2. Pugilists use alum, horse radish juice, lemon juice, or vinegar with a mixture of coppers.

W. M. S., Norfolk, Va.—1. Wallace Ross never defeated Edward Hanlan in a match race. 2. Ross beat Hanlan at the Seckonk regatta, at Providence, R. I.

L. B., Cheyenne, Wyo.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, N. Y., and they will give you prices. We do not know what it will cost to fit out a gymnasium.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Hanlan. 3. Jack Files and Paddy Morton fought near the Bridewell, at Chicago, July 30, 1883. Files had the best of the battle.

M. H. S., Boston, Mass.—Harry Allen fought a draw with Jack Rooke for £80 a side, at 149 lbs. Time 1h 22m, 10 rounds, Feb. 5, 1867, Gray Rigs, Westmore, England.

J. W. H., Buffalo Johnson, Wyoming Territory.—We have no way of ascertaining the address of Lipman Emanuel Pike. Put in an advertisement in the Police Gazette.

H. J., Mattoon, Ill.—Write to D. M. Keller, 24 John street, New York. He makes all the Police Gazette's champion medals, and will furnish you with what you require.

G. S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—Thomas Reilly, who was once a member of the Mystic B. B. C., was killed on March 8, 1862, by a powder explosion at Junction City, Montana.

F. J. N., Salesville, Mo.—A wins. John C. Heenan was defeated in the prize ring by Tom King, at Wadhurst, England, December 10, 1863, in 25 rounds, occupying 35m.

S. L., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Geo. Wilson, the baker, defeated Geo. Meggs, of Bristol, at Colne, Wiltshire, England, July, 1762, and again at Lansdown, August 10, 1762. 2. No.

S. L. M., Miller, Boston, Mass.—Yankee Sullivan and Vincent Hammond fought at League Island, near Philadelphia, on the 23d of September, 1841. Sullivan won in eight rounds, occupying 10m.

J. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Great Eastern is the largest ever built. 2. The dimensions of the Leviathan steamship are: 692 feet; breadth, 83 feet; depth of hold, 58 feet; tonnage, 20,000 tons.

P. W., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Harry Allen died at Manchester, England, March 15, 1873. 3. Mace never defeated Joe Coburn. 4. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

Gao. W. Moore, Eldora.—The fastest time for 100 yards is 9 1/4 seconds, made in England by Geo. Seward. The fastest time for 800 yards, authentic, is 1m 53 1/4, made by Frank Hewitt in New Zealand.

M. C. R., Black Rock, N. Y.—Jimmy Elliott fought six times in the ring, being beaten by Nobby Clark, Jim Dunne and Johnny Dwyer, making a draw with Hen Winkle and defeating Bill Davis and Charley Gallagher.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Edward Hanlan never rowed in Australia. 2. Slade is not as tall as Ned O'Baldwin. O'Baldwin was fatally shot in West street, New York, Sept. 27, 1875. Died Sept. 28, and was buried in Brookline, Mass.

FAIR PLAY, Elmira, N. Y.—Billy O'Brien is not in any way connected with the Police Gazette, Week's Doings, or any other of Richard K. Fox's enterprises. Wm. E. Harding is the sporting representative of Richard K. Fox, and the sporting editor of the Police Gazette, as heretofore.

J. W. R., Baltimore, Md.—King beat Tom Truckle, £100, 40 rounds, 1h 2m, down the river, Nov. 27, 1863; beat Bill Broome (Evans) £100, 43 rounds, 1h 8m, Godstone, Jan. 28, 1862; beat Jim Mace, £400, 21 rounds, 38m, Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1862; beat John C. Heenan, £2,000, 24 rounds, 35m, Wadhurst, Dec. 10, 1863.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—1. No. 2. Duncan C. Ross says he was born of Scotch parents, March 16, 1855. He weighs 203 lbs, is 6 ft 1/4 in high, measures 44 1/2 in around the chest, 16 in at the biceps, 17 about the calf and 25 1/4 at the thighs. He is the holder of many championship medals, having won more matches than could be printed in a column.

T. F. C., Water Valley, Miss.—Chris. Lily and Tom McCoy fought on an elevated plateau at Hastings, North River. The fight lasted through 120 rounds, and ended by McCoy dropping dead in the ring, by the severe neck blows administered to him by Lily. Prize fighting throughout the United States was brought to a standstill by this catastrophe.

M. H. S., Columbus, Ohio.—1. Richball. 2. No. 3. Johnson, the coming pacer, record 2:11 1/4, is owned by Eben Smith, of Milwaukee, who, two months ago, purchased a half interest in the animal from Aberlin, a banker, for \$5,000. Johnson was formerly known as Charley Mo. He is a bay horse, 15 1/2 hands high, and only six years old. He has never yet lost a heat.

S. J., Bradford, Pa.—1. Patsy Reardon and Bob Travers, the colored pugilist, fought at 142 lbs for £100 aside, near London, July 15, 1862. 2. Geo. Crockett and Jack Hicks seconded Reardon, and Cobley and Alec Keene seconded Travers. After fighting seven rounds the police interfered, and the pugilists met the next day, 53 rounds were fought in 4h 5m, and Reardon was declared the winner.

J. K., Pittsburg, Pa.—John Morrissey and John C. Heenan fought at Long Point Island, Can., Oct. 20, 1858, after the Ned Price and A strallian Kelly battle. Heenan, hearing that the authorities were on the lookout for him, took passage for England, and thus eluded arrest. Upon his return after his battle with Sayers he proceeded to Buffalo, paid the fine imposed and thus settled matters.

M. W. S., Peoria, Ill.—Joe Wormald fought a draw with Jack Smith (Mace's Wolf), £50, 113 rounds, 4h 25m, London District, May 26, 1863 (darkness came on); beat George Jies, £50, 24 rounds, 2h 8m, London District, June 15, 1864; beat Andrew Marsden, £400

and the champion's belt, 18 rounds, 37m, Horley, Jan. 4, 1865; forfeited £120 to Jim Mace, received £200 forfeit from Ned O'Baldwin and the championship.

M. B. F., Bridgeport, Conn.—Charles Freeman, the American giant, met Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, Dec. 14, 1842, after an interruption by beads, in a bell near Sawbridgeworth, England, 70 rounds, 1h 21m, when darkness came on; met again at Tipton Heath, Dec. 16, but police interfered. He beat the Slasher in Cliffe Marshes, below Gravesend, Dec. 20, 1842, 38 rounds, 39m, Perry going down without a blow.

C. E. S., Detroit.—The Saracens Head has been for centuries a favorite sign for public houses. Joe Goss keeps a sporting house called by that name in Lagrange street, Boston. The custom probably originated in the days of the Crusaders, when the Christian knights considered that they had not won their spurs until they had chopped off the head of a Mussulman. Those rough old soldiers went for Turks' head in much the same style as the American Indians go for scalps.

Donald, St. Louis, Mo.—In August, 1868, Joe Goss, who had got £25 forfeit from Wormald, Jan. 25, same year, became matched with Harry Allen (Brother Allen), who beat Tom Kelly, Clark and Jim Coyne; fought draws with Coyne, Morris, Phelan and Jack Rooke, and was beaten by F. Fisher and Bob Delaney, alias Smith the Black, twice; the battle was to have been for £200 a side and the championship, but the authorities were determined that they should not fight, and Goss and Allen were arrested and bound over. The stakes were afterwards drawn.

M. H. D., Boston.—1. No such rat killing record was made in this country. 2. Jocko's record for rat killing has never yet been exceeded. Jocko killed 25 rats in 1m 28s at London, England, Aug. 23, 1861. He killed 60 rats in the first time of 2m 43s at London, England, July 29, 1862. He killed 100 rats in 5m 28s on May 1, 1832, at London, England, and on June 10, 1862, he got away with 270 rodents in 14m 37s. On May 1, 1862, this plucky dog covered himself with the crowning glory by the unprecedented feat of killing 1,000 rats in less than 1h and 40m.

H. M., Brighton, Mass.—1. Ned Scarles, the jumper, is dead; his best record for one single standing jump was 13 ft 5 1/4 in. 2. At Joliet, Ill., McAdams is credited with having jumped 14 ft 6 1/4 in; while at Alpena, Mich., Dane, it is said, jumped 14 ft 10 in. When we look back to 1867 we find that the best record was 12 ft 8 1/4 in, made at Chicago by Bob Way, of Utica, N. Y. Ned Scarles, in 1870 jumped 13 ft 5 1/4 in, in a match with A. V. Loomis, who could also jump 13 ft 7 1/4 in. Scarles' record, however, was not beaten up to the time of his death at his residence at Sing Sing. George W. Hamilton finally beat it and placed on the record 14 ft 5 1/4 in. Hamilton belongs to Fredonia, N. Y. It is supposed there is no one who can defeat him, as it is well known that he has jumped 14 ft 10 in, spirit level, in one single standing jump.

H. M. S., Philadelphia.—The conditions of the Grand Prix de Paris are 100,000 francs in specie; given half by the city of Paris and half by the five great railway companies, for colts and fillies foaled in 1880, of every description and country, added to a sweepstake of 1,000 francs; 600 francs forfeit, and 500 francs only if declared by midnight on the Wednesday preceding the races, and 100 francs only if declared by midnight on the 1st of May, 1883; the second to receive 10,000 francs and the third 5,000 francs out of the stakes; weights, colts, 55 kilos; fillies, 53 1/2 kilos; about 3,000 metres, outer circle. The race was run on June 5, 1883. The race was won by the Duc de Castries' c. Frontin, by George Frederick, out of Frolicsome (Cannon). Sir F. Johnstone's ch. c. St. Blaise, by Hermit, out of Fucose (Archer), was second, and Count F. d. Lagrange's b. c. Farfadet, by Nougat, out of La Farandole (Dodge), was third.

S. W. P., Boston, Mass.—Andrew Marsden, of Nottingham, who beat and was beaten by O'Baldwin, stood 6 ft 1 1/4 in, and was present at the Jies and Wormald fight, and shortly afterward challenged the latter for £200 and the champion's belt. The battle took place at Horley, Jan. 4, 1865, when 18 rounds were fought in 37m, resulting in another victory for Wormald, and he being girded with the champion belt. The odds at the commencement were 6 to 4 on Marsden, owing to Wormald's want of condition, but the superior skill and hitting powers of Wormald, and the manner in which he went to work had the effect of changing this in his favor, and offers of 2 to 1 finding few takers. Wormald had the best of the hitting all through, nearly every round leaving a heavy mark, generally in the shape of a cut, and went ahead at such a rapid pace that after the twelfth round Marsden was struck down like an ox. Three more times did he face his opponent to be hammered down again, until in the eighteenth round his seconds gave in for him. The champion was next challenged by Jim Mace, ex-champion, but forfeited £120 owing to an accidental sprain to his right arm, said to have been brought on by too violent use of the dumbbells.

J. W. S., Seymour, Ind.—The first championship match between King and Mace took place at Godstone, England, Jan. 28, 1862. King weighed 176 lbs, and was seconded by Bob Tyler and Jack Macdonald. Mace weighed 158 lbs, and his seconds were Jack Hicks and Bob Travers. King gained first blood in the first round from Mace's chin, and his superior height and reach caused him to take a decided lead, Mace extricating himself the best way he could when in close quarters. King floored Mace in the 20th round with a smash on the left jaw, and in the 27th followed suit with another right handed cross counter on the same spot. As the fight progressed, however, Mace's superior generalship told its tale, and he frequently back-heeled and cross-butted King. Mace was first to the call of time in the 42d round, but when King was sent up he rushed at Mace, delivering left and right very wildly. Mace giving him a stinging uppercut, he then clinched and threw King, whose head struck the ground, knocking all the fight out of him. Macdonald applied the usual restoratives, such as running a knife under the finger nails and leaving the marks of his teeth on King's ear, but the gallant King was insensible to all this, and Mace was proclaimed the victor, after fighting 68 rounds.

D. W., Chicago.—The second match for the English champion belt between Tom King and Jim Mace, was fought in the Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1862. Mace's weight on this occasion was 152 lbs, and he was seconded by Bob Brettle and Bob Travers. King weighed 30 lbs heavier than Mace, and was seconded by Jack Macdonald and Bob Tyler. King got first blood from Mace's lip in the first round, with his left. In the 13th round King got first knock down by a severe right hander on Mace's jaw. In the 19th round both men were as strong as giants and full of determination. King was very anxious to commence hostilities, but Mace was equally as eager, and had evidently made up his mind to force the pace, feeling within him that he had his opponent safe. King feinted with his left but Mace balked him and tried the double. He, however, stopped as he delivered his left and leaned forward; in consequence, King seized the opportunity with great readiness and delivered a terrific cross counter with his right direct from the shoulder, giving the full weight of his frame to the blow which fell on Mace's nose, left eye and cheek. King's brawny fist actually seemed to smash all before it with the force of a battering ram, and Mace instantly suffering the shock, doubled up and fell helplessly at his opponent's feet, bleeding profusely from the nose, eyes and mouth. In the next round Mace staggered in like a drunken man, his left eye closed and his cheek terribly swollen, only to be floored again by a left hander from King on the nose. He came up for another but King refused to strike, merely pushing him down, whereupon the sponge was thrown up after the men had been fighting 38m.

M. H., Austin, Texas.—1. No. 2. Jack Hicks, the English pugilist, did come to this country with Ned O'Baldwin. 3. During his sojourn in this country he offered to fight any man of his weight for \$500 or

THE PRIZE RING.

A Great Boom in Fistic Affairs all Around.

Preparations for the Mitchell-Slade Fight—A Lively Mill in Denver, and Another near New York.

The prize ring is again booming throughout the country, and coupled with the Slade and Mitchell battle, which is fixed for Sept. 11, several matches are proposed.

Illal H. Stoddard, the noted pugilist of Oswego, N. Y., is eager to box Sullivan four three-minute rounds. If this match is brought about, and Stoddard makes a good showing, Mr. Richard K. Fox will match him to fight any man in the world for \$2,500 a side.

Wm. Sheriff, "the Prussian," is another pugilist eager for the fray. Arthur Chambers, his backer, says that if he does not succeed in arranging a match prior to the Slade and Mitchell battle, he will match his protégé to fight the winner.

Charley Gardener and Jack Reddy fought at Denver Col. recently, according to prize ring rules, for a purse. "Shavy" Smith was second to Gardener, and Gilbert Ball was second to Reddy. A ring was improvised by drawing a circle on the ground. In the first round Gardener struck Reddy a terrible blow. Reddy ran in and clinched, and in doing so violated all the agreements that had been made by setting his teeth on Gardener's thumb, biting him severely. Then releasing his hold, he set his teeth in Gardener's cheek, holding him with the grip of a bulldog. Then "Shavy" Smith, as Gardener's second, stepped up and demanded that Reddy should let go, and kicked him. Then Ball, the second to Reddy, made an assault on Smith, when the latter turned, threw Ball upon the ground and gave him a terrible kick over the eyes, cutting a bloody gash, which required seven stitches by a surgeon to close. Then a general rough and tumble fight ensued between principals and seconds, and the struggle continued till all parties were so badly used up that they were mutually willing to quit. They returned to town, each by his own route, and all of them a bloody and badly mutilated set.

The proposed fight between Slade and Mitchell is attracting most attention, as it is the first important mill that has been arranged since the great battle between Sullivan and Ryan. What will be the result of the fight is of course purely a matter of conjecture. The Maori stands 6 ft 2½ in, and is a giant in build, while Mitchell is but 5 ft 8 in, weighs only 163 lbs, and is only a few months beyond 21 years of age. A representative of the POLICE GAZETTE recently met Mitchell at Kansas City. He said: "I am confident I will win, but I don't want to say anything about Slade." Mitchell said in reply to a query: "I don't know anything about his fighting qualities, and as far as the difference in our heights is concerned I can't say what figure that will cut in the fight, as I have never seen two such people as we are in the ring." Mitchell in training practices a good deal on the horizontal bar, at which exercise he is a champion.

Slade, with Jack Brighton, his trainer, arrived at Kansas City on the 11th inst., and on the 12th of August Rice selected a place for Slade to train, and the Maori will go right to work and prepare for the mill.

The glove fight for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, which represents the middle weight championship of Colorado, was decided at Turner Hall, Denver. The principals were John P. Clow, of Denver, and George A. Morrison, of Leadville. Over 1,500 persons were present, and there was considerable interest manifested over the affair; and after it was known that Thomas Connors, of the regular police force, was referee, there was a large amount of betting. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, each round to last three minutes, with one minute's rest between them.

Following is a brief synopsis of the struggle by rounds:

First—Both sparred warily, Morrison making quick flints with his left, and Clow getting out of the way. The round ended without damage to either.

Second—Morrison led in this round with his left, hitting Clow on the side of the head. By a left leader and quick follow with the right on Morrison's part, Clow was brought to one knee, but recovered at once, holding the defensive until time was called.

Third—In this round Morrison continued his lead with the left and Clow warily held the defensive. No damage.

Fourth—Clow now used his long right effectively and Morrison was brought to his knees with a stiff blow.

Fifth—Hard right and left hitting on both sides was the feature of this round.

Sixth—This was a wary round, with a capital dodge by Morrison, who thus escaped a heavy blow from Clow's right. It was very neatly done, and reflects much credit upon Morrison's trainer, Walling, of Leadville.

Seventh—In this round Clow received one blow in the stomach from Morrison's left. Apart from this Clow forced the fighting, sending in several effective right and left blows.

Eighth—This was a tough struggle, and both men seemed dazed. Clow rallied, however, knocked Morrison down with a stunning blow, and then fought him hard on the ropes. Blood flowed rather freely on both sides.

Ninth—More hard hitting in this round, and Morrison evidently dazed. He saved himself, however, and kept up an appearance until time was called.

Tenth—Both men seemed "groggy," but Morrison was twice knocked down, and when time was called was lifted to his chair by his second. The test should have ended here.

Eleventh—In this round the men came together repeatedly, and Morrison seemed unable to let go, plunging in a limp sort of way on Clow's neck, thus preventing a knock out.

Twelfth—Hard hitting commenced again in this round, Morrison showing up gamely. Toward the close he was again knocked down.

Thirteenth—Clow was clearly the victor when this round began. He led out freely with his right and left and punished Morrison severely, though the latter hung to the ropes for protection. Time was finally called and Clow walked sprightly to his corner.

Fourteenth—When time was called in this round Morrison refused to leave his chair, and finally fell prone to the floor, completely exhausted. After waiting one

minute the timers stopped their watches, the referee stepped to the front and presented the medal to John P. Clow, the middleweight champion of Colorado, who jumped over the ropes in retiring to his corner.

Long and loud cheers greeted the conclusion of the test, and at 12 o'clock the hall was cleared, after the gamest glove test ever witnessed in the State.

On August 6, at Denver, the medal was given to John P. Clow, and is now the personal property of that person. Of the five contests, he has won three, defeating Cosh, Brown, at Leadville; and Morrison. In the other two, once with Pierson and once with Cosh, he was defeated by the referee, in giving them the contest on the claims of foul. The medal is a very handsome one, and is valued at \$150.

At Syracuse, N. Y., on Aug. 8, at a boxing exhibition, Illal H. Stoddard and Steve Taylor appeared on the stage. They were greeted with unbounded applause. Both men were in the best of condition, and presented a fine appearance. In the first round Stoddard got in some heavy body blows, which seemed to produce their effect. On the contrary, Taylor struck for the face. During the second round Stoddard forced the fighting. A well directed blow from Taylor sent Stoddard to the floor. He recovered himself in a moment and forced Taylor to the edge of the stage, when time was called. In the third round Taylor gave a fine exhibition of fancy sparring. Stoddard was unable to get in a blow, until near the close, when the men clinched. The final round was fought with apparent zest and earnestness. Both men received heavy blows. Stoddard, with a powerful and well directed blow, sent his antagonist to the floor, thus terminating the evening's entertainment.

After the show Ned Mallahan, who has had dealings with Jim Mace, Joe Coburn and other noted "pug," said: "I am overpleased with Stoddard for the reason that he behaved so admirably. He faced the second best man in the country, Steve Taylor, and when it is considered that Stoddard appeared before a public audience for the first time in his life, he did remarkably well."

"He strikes a powerful blow," remarked Steve Taylor, referring to Stoddard. "I have faced Sullivan and several of the best men in the country, and I tell you that Stoddard's blow on my face last night made me feel as if I had run against a mule's heels. He is plucky and willing, and receives his punishment like a man. I think with proper handling and training he will be a hard man for Sullivan to whip."

George McCarthy, the Fourth Ward boxer, tried to make Mike Murphy believe, by argument, that Sullivan's muscle and tremendous strength made him win and defeat Slade, and not scientific boxing. Murphy doubted McCarthy's theory, when the latter agreed to show Murphy in a practical way for \$100. Murphy is only a novice, while McCarthy is a professional pugilist. The match was made, and it was decided that four three-minute rounds should be fought, and if Murphy succeeded in knocking out McCarthy in the twelve minutes he was to receive the \$100. The affair created quite a breeze, and McCarthy's friends were certain he would win, as Murphy had no science, while McCarthy is a scientific pugilist. The contest was decided on Aug. 10, in a room, and only a few persons were present. Murphy had the best of the first round, but in the second McCarthy led off with a right hand hit on Murphy's nose. Murphy countered on McCarthy's ear and knocked him down sprawling. At the expiration of ten seconds time was called and McCarthy sprang to his feet, but was immediately stretched on the floor by another blow on the nose. When time was called McCarthy again toed the scratch, but after a few passes was again knocked down. At the opening of the second round, after half a dozen passes, McCarthy was knocked clean head over heels by another blow on the nose. From this point McCarthy fought on the defensive, Murphy forcing him all round the room. McCarthy adopted Tug Wilson's tactics, constantly falling to his knees. When time was called at the end of the round McCarthy was on his knees on the floor. He came to the scratch for the third round, but was knocked down a couple of times. He failed to come to time, and Murphy was declared the winner. The fighting lasted about seven minutes. McCarthy was booked as a sure winner, and his defeat surprised the talent, but proved his theory "that tremendous strength and blinding overcome science."

A SINGULAR CASE.

A most remarkable suit is pending in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. A well known old bachelor, who is in business in New York and resides in this city, has sued an unmarried lady to recover about \$350 which he alleges she borrowed. The young lady is the daughter of a gentleman who in his lifetime was one of the best known men in this city. At his death he left a good estate, and his widow and family reside in their own elegant brown stone house on Gates avenue, and are supposed to be well off. One daughter married a Methodist divine, who, it was said, was subsequently prohibited from preaching on account of his wife. The old bachelor and the other daughter were on intimate terms for a very long time. The intimacy ceased and she was engaged to be married to a lawyer. The old bachelor came to the front and lent his money to buy wedding clothes. Something happened and the wedding didn't take place. Then the old bachelor and the young lady renewed their former relations. One afternoon the old bachelor called by appointment to take the young lady out. Being on intimate terms, he went into the basement and sat in the dining room chatting to the mother. The mother had previously told him that her daughter was getting ready and would be down soon. Hearing footsteps in the parlor overhead, he asked who it was, and was told it must be the servant and the house cleaner. After awhile he heard voices which excited his suspicions. Saying he would be back soon, he went out and watched. In a few minutes the front door was opened and the young lady was seen bidding a free and tender farewell to a middle aged male stranger. The old bachelor went back to the house and there was a scene. He departed, vowing he would never set foot in the house again. He has kept his word, and sues to recover the money he advanced for his lady's trousseau.

A FREE LUNCH.

[Subject of Illustration.] "This is just bully," said a hungry looking street Arab, as he found an old hot corn woman dozing off on one of the benches in Washington Square the other evening. It was not long before he was joined by two of his companions, and a right royal feast did they have of the succulent grain while the dame slept.

LITTLE EVA'S DEATH.

A Tragedy in a Travelling Showman's Camp in Montana—Was it a Murder or an Accident.

A tragic affair occurred at Dillon, Montana, around which there hangs a doubt as to whether it was an accident or a murder.

At about 5 o'clock Tuesday P. M., Aug. 7, some carpenters at work on a new house, about a mile north of Dillon and near the Beaverhead river, were alarmed by loud cries for help coming from across the river. The men started on a run for the bridge, which is a short distance from the house. The first of the party who reached the bridge saw a girl, but that he don't care to see again soon. A man had just stepped on the bridge carrying a young girl in his arms and yelling for help. Both were covered with blood from a bad wound in the girl's head. The man ran across the bridge with the horrible burden and laid it down. As he did so the man catching a glimpse of the shattered and empty head—the brains being all gone—uttered a horrified exclamation and made a move as though about to jump into the river. He acted like a lunatic and talked in a very wild manner about the girl, saying something about her wanting to be an angel and that now she was one. He was taken in charge by Deputy Mikus, who ironed him and placed him in the jail. The body of the girl was found near the bridge, with face, hands and clothing covered with blood. The whole top of her head from above the left ear diagonally across to above the right eye was gone, the brains emptied and the left side of the face blackened by powder. In the wagon at the camp, near by and where the affair happened, were found a rifle and double barreled shot gun, with one barrel of the latter empty. They were lying on the trunks in the wagon with the muzzles toward the seat. The inside of the wagon cover was thickly spattered with brains and blood, right over the seat, showing that the girl was in the wagon when the accident or murder happened and fell out near the right fore wheel, as that was where the bulk of the brains were found. Pieces of skull were found 20 feet away.

On inquiry it was learned that deceased's name was Eva Clark, aged about 15 years, of Madison street, Chicago, where she resided with her mother until about four months ago when she engaged as an assistant to the prisoner, who is a magician, psychologist and magnetist, for a tour through the Northwest and the Pacific coast. The prisoner's name is Charles A. Lewis, whose home is at Miles City, at which place his wife is living and keeping a millinery store. He is about 45 years old and quite good looking. Has black hair, mustache and goatee. The two were travelling together, in a large covered wagon, giving magical and sleight-of-hand performances.

The girl Eva was lively and made many acquaintances. She was fair looking and had an abundance of beautiful, dark hair. She was well educated, and sang sweetly. Shortly before the tragedy occurred Lewis went over to a Mr. Selways, where Eva was making some candy, and took her away to the camp to help him pack up, as he said. When next seen the girl was dead. Lewis says he and Eva were packing up preparatory to starting to Ogden. That a few minutes before the gun went off she had put on a green blouse and was in the wagon after a gold trimmed cap which she said she would put on and then run over and show Mr. Selway. He heard the gun go off and rushed to where Eva was lying, and raising her in his arms started on a run to Mr. Selway's calling for help, thinking that she was only badly hurt. That when he got to the east end of the river bridge he saw that the whole top of the girl's head was gone, he dropped the body, and remembered no more until he found himself in a cell of the jail.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The Sad Death of a Cyprian in a Richmond Bagnio.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some months ago a tall, beautiful and stately looking brunette appeared in Richmond, and her loveliness of face and form, together with her refined, aristocratic bearing, attracted general attention, and no little surprise was expressed when it was known that she had gone to a house of ill fame. She was only eighteen years of age, and united to the charm of beauty a quick wit and fine conversational talent, and with these attractions she speedily became the belle in that reckless circle of cyprians with whom she had deliberately cast her lot, and was soon the reigning toast among a set of fast men. She was known as Grace Sherwood, and the particulars of her history were a mystery. It was evident she was of good family and well educated, but she was reticent when questioned further.

On Aug. 12, about 2 o'clock, she retired. She was alone, and the door of her room locked on the inside. She blew in the lamp and it exploded, throwing the burning fluid all over her. She screamed, but could not make herself heard, and her agony was so intense that she sank down in the midst of the fire, which caught the furniture of the room. Passers by saw the flames and rushed in. She was burned from her feet to her neck, the flames having spared her pretty face. She died the next day after intense suffering. The funeral ceremonies were very affecting. Her remains were incased in a fine rosewood casket lined with satin and silver plate, and contained the words, "At Rest." All the leading women of her unfortunate set were present, and the floral decorations were exquisite and numerous. The Rev. Dr. Schaffer officiated, and embraced the opportunity to make an affecting address to her sisters in sin.

SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Oh, that watermelon." Deacon Jones loved watermelons. He also loved other things, among them a drop of old rye, and other deacons' wives. A camp meeting was his strong point. There he could revel in all that made his heart glad. There were plenty of the sisters present, and a watermelon patch could always be found near by where the farmer did not keep a dog. His greatest trouble was that the regulations of the camp ground were so strict that the brethren who were appointed to do police duty, who were always thirsty, kept a sharp look out for every drop of liquor that was attempted to be smuggled into the sacred grounds, and confiscated it. But the good old Deacon Jones struck on a glorious idea. Watermelons are not prohibited articles. The deacon discovered that a bottle of whiskey could be neatly inserted in the un-

terior of an innocent looking melon, and now when he cuts a watermelon to his tent, some of the sisters and a jolly old brother deacon are sure to be on hand, and they go away feeling better for the spiritual consolation they have received.

A TRIANGULAR FUEL.

An Aug. 14, at Fayette Station, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, Va., Lee Reeves, a mulatto, about 24 years of age, met Edward Nolan, a Frenchman, walking down the railroad track toward the station, and began cursing Nolan, who evaded the negro, succeeding in getting to the depot, where he (Nolan) found friends. He went to the negro and asked him why he had used such language, when the negro replied by an oath, drew a self-acting revolver, and fired at Nolan. The ball struck the neck, under the chin and passed through. Reeves also fired at John Huddleston and another man, name unknown, the bullets taking effect in Huddleston's neck, about the same position as in Nolan's. The unknown man was shot in the body. Nolan and Huddleston cannot live; the third man may recover. The negro took to the mountains and has not yet been arrested, although detectives and citizens are out in large numbers scouring the mountains for him. A large reward is offered for Reeves' arrest, and he will no doubt be hung if found.

TWO OF A KIND.

John W. Price and Maggie Price were arrested at Washington, O., on Aug. 14, charged with bigamy. An examination of the records shows that Price has been a much-married man, he having at this time four wives living, from none of whom he is divorced. He first married Mary Griffin in 1869; then he next married Jane Nichols in 1870. For this second marriage he served one year in the penitentiary of Ohio. When released he procured license to marry Jane Stewart, but the records at the probate office show no return of a certificate of marriage. This was in 1874. In 1878 he was again married, this time to Nancy A. Thompson, and then again, in 1882, he was married to Maggie Terrill. It is for this last marriage that he was arrested.

Maggie Terrill has not had as much married experience as her new husband, but sufficient to send her to do the State service. Her marriage to Price is her second venture. She was married to John Carter in 1877, and without waiting for Carter to procure a divorce, or even applying for one herself, she married Price in 1882.

A HORRIBLE MURDER.

A most horrible and atrocious triple murder was committed near Point Burnside, Ky., on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, on Aug. 13. Three men, named Joseph Claiborne and James and Joseph Randall, drew their month's pay the day before, and it was reported that the Randalls had a large sum from the bank. They worked on the road and camped in the woods. Frank Stagle and an accomplice crept into the camp and cut off the heads of two of the sleeping men, and ridled their bodies with bullets, and partially cut the head of Claiborne. They then robbed them and threw the Randall brothers over a cliff 100 hundred feet high, and while about to throw Claiborne over were frightened off. He lived long enough to give Stagle's name. The murderers fled and separated. Stagle was captured at Monticello, Ky., and returned to Point Burnside. It is reported that a band is organized to mob him. A large reward will be paid for his accomplice's capture. The murdered men were well to do and quite popular.

A MURDERER SECT.

Jim McDonough, who murdered Pat Malloy at midnight on the 13th of June, 1881, at the corner of Central avenue and Liberty street, Cincinnati, was himself shot and in all probability fatally wounded on Aug. 14, by John W. Day in Frank Kelly's saloon, Central avenue. Both parties were under the influence of liquor at the time, but Day, according to all statements, was called from bed by McDonough, and used his weapon when McDonough approached him, after being warned to keep back. The bullet entered McDonough's left breast three inches below the collar bone and perforated the lung, and then probably ranged downward toward the heart. It could not be traced. Day, who was promptly arrested, is 33 years of age, and single. He is employed as a laborer by Kelly, who, besides running the saloon, is a contractor for paving, building and general work.

FIGHTING THE LIGHTNING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The striking telegraphers have hosts of sympathizers, but none more ardent than two young ladies of Westchester county, in this State, who no doubt have a particular liking for two particular operators in the Mott Haven office. Fired with a determination to do their little bit in crippling the giant monopoly which is trying to keep their lovers from having any spare cash to lavish on ice cream, they lately armed themselves with an improvised saw, and mounting one of the poles did good work in severing the connection. As there is a reward offered for any one found amusing themselves in this way, we refrain from giving names.

BEAUTY ON WHEELS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston has a female bicycle club. The fair damsels of the Hub believe in culture, not only of the brain, but of other parts of the human anatomy. If the present spirit of physical education continues, the Boston dealers will have to increase their supply of large sized hosiery, as well as furnishing extra sized hats. The latest novelty is for a couple of the members of the bicycle club to make a tour through the quiet country roads of Massachusetts on the swift flying wheels, discarding the use of cars or sages, and dispensing with the use of a male escort. They get through all right every time.

WOMEN'S VENGEANCE.

John McCammon's ill-treated wife died from abuse and neglect, and was buried at Seymour, Ind., on Aug. 2. In the evening a crowd of women, numbering fifty or more, captured the husband, half drunk, dragged him into the street, tied and bound him hand and foot, and had begun to horsewhip him, when the city marshal interfered, probably just in time to save the man's life.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

The Chicagoans have taken a new lease on life. Brothers still continue master of the ash. Wozel juggled himself out of \$25 in a recent game at Cincinnati.

The New Yorks have the dead wood on the Philadelphia and can knock them out right along.

The Brooklyn club are playing a game which is making all the interstate clubs quake in their boots.

The Cincinnati and St. Louis scribbles are amusing themselves by throwing spit-balls at one another.

Symons was just cute enough to try and collar a cool little \$100 on O'Brien, but Mason and Sharshig shut him off.

By the Metropolitans don't float the championship pennant this year it will be because they are not able to win it.

The Philadelphia were as happy as a child with a new toy when they won their first game from the New Yorks.

The many friends of Crowley, of the Woonsocket club, have presented him with an elegant gold watch worth \$1.50.

The coons are doing good work in St. Louis, as they have knocked out all the soon clubs with which they have come in contact.

The New Yorks are about on a par with the Philadelphia, so far as baseball playing is concerned when pitted against other strong teams.

The New Yorks would be the finest club in the country if they only knew how to play ball, but they are deficient in fielding, batting and base running.

PERCY POLK has been "dumped," and he now looks as crestfallen as a peacock without its feathers. He isn't anything like the dude he was two weeks ago.

The Cleveland Leader says: "Decker ought to write a book on what he knows about umpiring—it would only take him a second—and then go and jump into the lake."

We are glad to see the Boston Globe have spunk enough to want to see fair play on the ball field, and attack the disturbers of the game through their baseball column.

Who is the Judge? A Cleveland scribble says that Decker made 38 errors in his umpiring. I am no judge, but am willing to bet that the scribe made 39 of the 38 errors.

The Fall River News seems to have dead roots in against Providence, and in nearly every issue of their paper they give the Providence press a thump and the admirers of baseball a kick.

CARPENTER spiked Whitney to the bone in the Cincinnati-Louisville game, Aug. 8, while sliding for the home plate, which has left Whitney up, probably for the remainder of the season.

FERRY MALONE has been chosen to manage the Quicksteps, of Wilmington. Now since the club has some head there is hope of their doing better work from now until the close of the season.

The Columbus club, bum as they are, got at the Harrisburg club, which led in the Interstate championship race, and pounded them in a pretty lively manner, and won with ease by a score of 8 to 3.

The St. Louis club wants the earth; they get it when they are home, and because the umpire doesn't give them every close decision away from home they howl about the manner in which they are being skinned.

The Providence scribbles score games according to their whims. If angry because their pet gets beaten they vent their spite on the players. When they win they plaster it thick and make their record look well.—Fall River News.

The Allegheny's have the consolation of knowing there is one club they can beat any way, and that is the Baltimore, who go around over the country like a lot of vagrants, picking up a stray game from any club that feels like dropping it.

A SERIES of games will be played for the championship of the "Buckeye State," between the Cincinnati, Cincinnati and Toledo. It is fair to predict, however, that the Cincinnati will win it, as the other clubs can't hold a candle to them.

MASON was a sick looking cat when the amateurs pounded him out of the diamond. It was then that it first dawned upon him that his ball playing days were over; but we could have told him that ten years ago if we had known he wanted the tip.

One of the worst exhibitions of ball playing which has taken place this season was a seven innings game between the Buffalos and Chicago, at Buffalo, Aug. 14, when the home team won by 19 to 17. However bating has not been seen this season.

The Columbus croakers made a grand kick at McNichol in the Columbus-St. Louis game August 9. The police were called on to preserve order, but they were too cowardly to enforce the law, consequently the wolves were allowed to howl themselves hoarse.

The Cincinnati, through cover of the manager of the Shamrocks, have removed the disabilities of George Miller in order to let him go to Louisville for the remainder of the season. Probably Louisville didn't have to pay a fat "bonus" for this act of generosity.

The Metropolitans presented Holbert with a gold watch and chain, but they did it in a most way, simply handing it to him after the game was over and the crowd dispersed, and asking him if he couldn't "do up the boys" for the management and the Press.

SHAFER is covering the right garden to perfection, but he takes the cake for calling "I can't get it, I can't get it," when the ball is falling straight into his hands. He thinks he is deceiving the base runners and will then make a double play, but the boys are up to these stale tricks.

THERE is a general howl throughout the league of the unjust treatment the clubs are subjected to by the press and supporters of the game when they visit Providence. It seems to be growing worse instead of better, and it reflects great discredit upon the management of the Providence club.

WALSH, who was too cowardly to umpire the game in Philadelphia between the Metropolitans and Athletics, in a strictly partial manner, disgusted the entire assemblage of 9,000 spectators by giving all close decisions to the Athletics, and was greeted with groans and hisses for his pains.

The August Flowers weakened in their own month. They were booked to play the Burlingtons, Aug. 8, and after trying conclusions with that club for five innings, and seeing that their chances for winning the game were very slim they trumped up a childish excuse and slunk out of the game.

The Columbus people were all broken up over the fine style in which the St. Louis-Columbus game of Aug. 9, was played, when the visitors won by a single run. It raised hopes in their breasts and they think there is still a chance for Columbus to win, but if they do, it will be at some other game than baseball.

The Providence people applauded the Boston Aug. 9, in the Boston-Providence game at Providence, when the Boston won the winners by a score of 1 to 0. It was such a rare occurrence that they sent a telegram to Boston to let them know that their club had been as "warmly applauded as the home team."

The Metropolitan Exhibition Company have prohibited the Ball Players Record, a local journal devoted to the science and art of baseball, from being sold at the polo ground, on account of Papa Chadwick publishing an article which displeased the management. These big monopolists seem to rule the universe.

It is a caution if the Peoria boys didn't drop their wealth when they backed up the Union Pacific, of Omaha, against Dan O'Leary's "pot-luck" Indianapolis team. A whole carload of them could have been put in a nutshell after the game was over, and they had a h-l of a time scraping up money enough to get home with.

DEASLEY is working Von der Ahe to the queen's taste. He was engaged to play with the St. Louis club at \$1,500 a year. He struck for \$2,000 and got it. Seeing how easily Germany gave in, he commenced to whine about the Boston owing him \$300, and Von der Ahe planked that down. Now Deasley is at a loss as to how he can work another racket.

PROVIDENCE people are fine winners, but about the worst losers on the face of the globe. They cheer most vigorously when the Providence club make any kind of a play, but it is discouraging for a visiting club to go to Providence and make fine plays, as they are only met with sighs which makes a player think he has committed some terrible deed.

The Cleveland Herald says: "The Buffalos are about the hardest looking of men in their barber pole suits that can be imag-

ined. The uniform makes Deacon White look like a tough, Jim Galvin like a jallbird, Jim O'Rourke and Dan Brothers like Bash-Bazourks, Davy Force like a circus clown, and Hardy Richardson resembles a tramp in masquerade attire."

As Manager Bancroft was driving to the grounds yesterday he spied a horseshoe in the middle of the street. He got out and captured it and nailed it over the dressing room door. He says he is a little superstitious enough to think that that had any effect on the home team's winning the game yesterday, but he is going to have it galvanized, just the same.—Cleveland Leader.

COLEMAN had his humorous vein tickled in a recent game at Philadelphia, by a foul ball upsetting a pail of lemonade, and another alighting in a basket of refreshments and scattering its contents. He laughed so immoderately that he was disarranged for the remainder of the game. He muffed all the fly balls that came to him, and struck out at the bat, but still kept on laughing.

The Louisville correspondent from Cincinnati carries favor with the Louisville people, by calling the Cincinnati-Louisville game of Aug. 9 a "dismal game," because the Cincinnati happened to win by a score of 5 to 0. There were just 8,000 persons present, however, who failed to see anything dismal about the game, beyond the expression on the faces of the Louisville players—which would have drawn mildew on a dry stone.

McNICOL got knocked silly by a ball hitting him in the throat at Columbus in the St. Louis-Columbus game, Aug. 11. He had pluck enough, however, to stick it out, and umpired to the finish by making signs, as he was unable to speak, and on the following day, as his voice had not yet returned, Manager Phillips acted as his interpreter, and put in big licks for his own club, coming within one run of winning the game.

The Clevelandans seem to think their lot harder than any of the other clubs, and are squealing about being hustled all over the country, and kept on the road all night in order to meet their engagements. There are just about seven other league clubs that do the same thing, and we fail to see where the Clevelandans have any more hustling about than any of the other clubs. Probably they would like to be put in glass cases and moved about in special palace cars.

The Sporting Life, in order to curry favor with Nutrie and the baseball men in general, has made a weak and childish attack upon "Papa" Chadwick in reference to the fracas at the polo ground. Abuse is by no means an argument, and had the writer known more about his subject he would hardly have been so foolish as to expose his ignorance by attempting to state the facts of the case with no further knowledge than Nutrie's version of the affair.

About the freshest specimen of humanity that we have seen for some time past is Fox, of the Quicksteps, of Wilmington, Delaware, who acts as though the world would collapse were it not for his existence. He made a great impression while his club were playing in Brooklyn, however, as everybody was asking, and especially the ladies, who that distinguished looking and important gentleman was, and the answer always came, "Oh, that is Mr. Fox, of Wilmington, Delaware, the orator of the diamond field."

The baseball reporter of the Cleveland Leader has been up in a tree looking at the directors of the Cleveland club, and has come to the conclusion that they have made a very grave mistake in shutting Daily off for refusing to play ball. The latter says he has a sore arm, but the management doesn't take much stock in it, and think it is only one of his cranky tricks, and have laid him off without pay until he recovers. When this youth, who sees so much from up a tree knows Daily as well as we know him, he will know a thing or two more about his tricks.

THERE is a man who owns a little frame house that stands bang against the outfield fence, and he has been drawing quite a little revenue by renting seats on the roof to impetuous baseball lovers who have not the required amount of wealth to purchase admission to the grounds. Yesterday the directors ordered the height of the fence to be increased in order to shut out the view, but the enterprising individual was equal to the occasion and built up his roof so that his customers could still overlook the fence. The directors will have to try a new scheme on him.—Cleveland Leader.

As Burdock stepped to the bat yesterday in the second inning he was presented by Umpire Bradley with a magnificent gold watch, charm and chain, handsomely encased. The watch is of Waltham manufacture, is open faced, and on the inside case is inscribed "Presented to John J. Burdock, captain of the Boston Baseball Club, by his friends, Aug. 8, 1883." A more deserved compliment was never paid to the king of second basemen. His work in the last dozen games, both at the bat and in the field, has been more brilliant than ever, and of inestimable value to the success of the nine.—Boston Globe.

The Boston Globe says: "Providence is rapidly establishing itself as the meanest baseball town in the Union, as far as decent treatment by either press or public is concerned. It was pleasant to compare the impartial and courteous treatment that the Providence received yesterday with the partisan and splanetic abuse showered upon the Boston whenever they visit Providence. Every fine play and hit made by the Providence was enthusiastically applauded and every point was appreciated. At Providence the home runs of Whitney and Burdock were received with terror-stricken silence, and the magnificent throws of Horning were passed over as a thing not worthy of attention."

MANAGER SULLIVAN, of the St. Louis club, who is about knee high to a grass-hopper, got into an altercation with Deasley and Lewis of his team, who were having a quiet little racket in a billiard saloon in the wee hours of the morning, when Sullivan thought they ought to be in bed. The boys had just about enough grog in them to get along without Sullivan's slack, so they concluded they would do without manager up. Sullivan was one too many for them, however, so he slipped down a mouse hole and let these two have the whole town to themselves. They were content until they saw a policeman, who they thought was taking up too much room, when a row ensued which resulted in the "coppers" using their sticks pretty freely and chucking the youths in the ice box until next morning, when the Mayor turned them over to Manager Sullivan, for a quiet little \$15 apiece. They both had pretty sore heads, Lewis' hair being tangled so much with dried grog that he had to have it shingled, and Deasley preferred standing up to sitting down. They don't think fighting is as much fun as it is cracked up to be.

The management of the Brooklyn club did an act of generosity Aug. 15, which it would do well for some of the other club managers to copy after. The St. Louis club were advertised to play with the Brooklyn on that day, and an immense throng gathered about the grounds, over three thousand of them paid their admission fee. The St. Louis club failed to put in an appearance, and rather than disappoint the crowd the management played an exhibition game with a picked nine. The crowd felt perfectly satisfied that they had the worth of their money. The management, however, did not feel satisfied, and refunded every cent of the money taken in at the gate. They gave coupons to those who refused to take back their money, the coupons being good for any time during the remainder of this season or for the next five years to come. The Brooklyn people were so much pleased over this open-hearted act of generosity that they now give their fullest support on all occasions, and speak of the Brooklyn management in the very highest terms. This is something which has never before occurred in the baseball arena, where the spectators have been treated to a ball game, and had their money refunded also. Nothing shows the style in which the Brooklyn people appreciated this treatment more than the fact that of the 3,000 people present, only between 200 and 300 cashed in their coupons, while the others retained theirs until a later date, thus showing their implicit confidence in the Brooklyn management.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN as an umpire was a success. It was very kind of him to stand in a hot sun for two hours and a half and officiate in a thankless position. It was very amusing to see how his decisions were received. There was probably never a game where the umpire was not treated to more or less expostulation—generally more. But not one decision of John's occasioned a murmur. When a poor ball was called a strike, under circumstances that would have occasioned lively kicking, the victim looked at John mildly, timidly and appealingly, like a lamb led out for slaughter. Without joking, John would make a splendid league umpire. There would be no kicking or squabbling, no bandying words or bulldozing with him. A glance of that eye and a gesture of that arm would go farther than all the bravado of some of the umpires of the day. John attends many of the league games on the grounds, and has doubtless often said to himself or to a friend on witnessing the awful and soul-harrowing exhibitions of would-be umpiring on the grounds this season: "Why, I could do better than that duffer myself." How Anson's jaw would drop and Dunlap's chin would fall; how Purcell would let his mustache droop, and slink away like a dog with his tail down; how Bob Ferguson's tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth, and blonde Shaffer shiver in his tracks when placed in juxtaposition with John Lawrence Sullivan! Where would Lane, Bradley, Kelly and Daniels be, compared with him?—Boston Globe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its Enormity, in

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday. Price 5 Cents.

W. S. M., New York.—A wins, for Sullivan won. H. J. McS., Logansport, Ind.—John L. Sullivan is married. MRS. E. V. B., Rochester, N. Y.—We forwarded your letter. A. R., Denver, Col.—The English Derby was first run in 1780. J. McC., Chicago, Ill.—John L. Sullivan 195 lbs., and Paddy Ryan, 193 lbs.

S. M., Boston.—Tom Sayers won first knock down when he fought Harry Poulson.

P. W. S., San Francisco, Cal.—Hindoo won the Tennessee S akes at Louisville, Ky., in 1880.

J. H. C., Cincinnati.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds, 49m, Jan. 20, 1841.

PAVARS.—B wins. Richard K. Fox made no such bet over the Sullivan-Wilson glove contest.

D. M., Austin, Texas.—Flora Temple's fastest time, in harness, was 2:19 1/4 at Kalamazoo, Mich.

T. W. S., Hazlet, Pa.—I. Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, England, May 15, 1826. 2. He died Nov. 8, 1865.

D. S., Coney Island.—In France, April 10 to 14, 1880, in a 4,000 point game George Slosson ran 1,106 points.

JAMER, Beverly, N. J.—Send for the "Life of Jem Mace," which will give you all the information. Price, by mail, 30 cents.

D. W. B., Williamsport, Pa.—Ten Brook, the race horse, is not dead. He is doing service at the stud on Harper's stock farm in Kentucky.

T. P., Albany, N. Y.—Owen Swift was born Feb. 14, 1814, and entered the prize ring on April 4, 1832, when he defeated Tom McKee.

F. F. C., Detroit, Mich.—Dan. Donnelly did fight in England at Crawley Hurst, a little over 30 miles from London, when he defeated Oliver.

D. S. G., Chicago.—We cannot back you as we have not the time to devote to your interest which would be necessary to protect our money.

J. L. L., Troy, N. Y.—I. Bogardus has broken 5,500 glass balls out of 5,554 shots, in 7m 25s. 2. He accomplished the feat in New York, Dec. 20, 1873.

J. H., Covington, Ky.—I. Jay Eye See is a gelding and not a stallion. 2. Phyllis is a stallion, and on Aug. 2 trotted a mile in 2:15 1/4 at Cleveland, Ohio.

P. G., Baltimore, Md.—I. Tar is the best to harden the hands. 2. Puggilists use alum, horse radish juice, lemon juice, or vinegar with a mixture of coppers.

W. M. S., Norfolk, Va.—I. Wallace Ross never defeated Edward Hanlan in a match race. 2. Ross beat Hanlan at the Seckon regatta, at Providence, R. I.

L. B., Cheyenne, Wyo.—Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, N. Y., and they will give you prices. We do not know what it will cost to fit out a gymnasium.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—I. No. 2. Hanlan. 3. Jack Files and Paddy Morton fought near the Briwille, at Chicago, July 30, 1883. Files had the best of the battle.

M. H. S., Boston, Mass.—Harry Allen fought a draw with Jack Rooke for £80 a side, at 149 lbs. Time 1h 22m, 10 rounds. Feb. 5, 1867, Gray Riggs, Westmore, England.

J. W. H., Buffalo, Johnson, Wyoming Territory.—We have no way of ascertaining the address of Lipman Emanuel Pike. Put in an advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE.

H. J., Mattoon, Ill.—Write to D. M. Keller, 24 John street, New York. He makes all the POLICE GAZETTE champion medals, and will furnish you with what you require.

G. S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—Thomas Reilly, who was once a member of the Mystic B. C., was killed on March 8, 1882, by a powder explosion at Junction City, Montana.

F. J. N., Salesville, M. T.—A wins. John C. Heenan was defeated in the prize ring by Tom King, at Wadhurst, England, December 10, 1863, in 25 rounds, occupying 35m.

S. L., Harrisburg, Pa.—I. Geo. Milson, the baker, defeated Geo. Meggs, of Bristol, at Colne, Wiltshire, England, July, 1872, and again at Lansdown, August 10, 1872. 2. No.

S. L. M., MILLER, Boston, Mass.—Yankee Sullivan and Vincent Hammond fought at League Island, near Philadelphia, on the 2d of September, 1841. Sullivan won in eight rounds, occupying 10m.

J. W. S., Brooklyn.—I. The Great Eastern is the largest ever built. 2. The dimensions of the Leviathan steamship are: 692 feet; breadth, 83 feet; depth of hold, 58 feet; tonnage, 20,000 tons.

P. W., Boston, Mass.—I. No. 2. Harry Allen died at Manchester, England, March 15, 1873. 3. Mace never defeated Joe Coburn. 4. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

Geo. W. MOORE, Eldora.—The fastest time for 100 yards is 9 1/4 seconds, made in England by Geo. Seward. The fastest time for 800 yards, authentic, is 1m 53 1/2s, made by Frank Hewitt in New Zealand.

M. C. R., Black Rock, N. Y.—Jimmy Elliott fought six times in the ring, being beaten by Nobby Clark, Jim Dunne and Johnny Dwyer, making a draw with Ben Winkle and defeating Bill Davis and Charles Gallagher.

M. H., Boston, Mass.—I. Edward Hanlan never rowed in Australia. 2. Slade is not as tall as Ned O'Baldwin. O'Baldwin was fatally shot in West street, New York, Sept. 27, 1875. Died Sept. 28, and was buried in Brookline, Mass.

FAIR PLAY, Elmira, N. Y.—Billy O'Brien is not in any way connected with the POLICE GAZETTE, Week's Doings, or any other of Richard K. Fox's enterprises. Wm. E. Harding is the sporting representative of Richard K. Fox, and the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, as heretofore.

J. W. R., Baltimore, Md.—King beat Tom Truckle, £100, 49 rounds, 1h 2m, down the river, Nov. 27, 1869; beat Bill Broome (Evans) £100, 43 rounds, 1h 8m, Godstone, Jan. 28, 1862; beat Jem Mace, £400, 21 rounds, 39m, Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1862; beat John C. Heenan, £2,000, 21 rounds, 35m, Wadhurst, Dec. 10, 1863.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—I. No. 2. Duncan C. Ross says he was born of Scotch parents, March 16, 1853. He weighs 203 lbs, is 6 ft 11 in high, measures 44 1/2 in around the chest, 16 in at the biceps, 17 about the calf, and 25 1/4 at the thighs. He is the holder of many championship medals, having won more matches than could be printed in a column.

T. F. C., Water Valley, Miss.—Chris. Lily and Tom McCoy fought on an elevated plateau at Hastings, North River. The fight lasted through 120 rounds, and ended by McCoy dropping dead in the ring, by the severe neck blow administered to him by Lily. Prize fighting throughout the United States was brought to a standstill by this catastrophe.

M. H. S., Columbus, Ohio.—I. Richball, 2. No. 3. Johnson, the coming pacer, records 2:11 1/4, is owned by Eben Smith, of Milwaukee, who, two months ago, purchased a half interest in the animal from Aberlin, a banker, for \$5,000. Johnson was formerly known as Char in Mo. He is a bay horse, 15 1/2 hands high, and only six years old. He has never yet lost a heat.

S. J., Bradford, Pa.—I. Patsey Beardon and Bob Travers, the colored pugilist, fought at 142 lbs for £100 aside, near London, July 15, 1862. 2. Geo. Crockett and Jack Hicks seconded Beardon, and Cobley and Alec Keene seconded Travers. After fighting seven rounds the police interfered, and the pugilists met the next day, 53 rounds were fought in 4h 5m, and Beardon was declared the winner.

J. K., Pittsburg, Pa.—John Morrissey and John C. Heenan fought at Long Point Island, Can., Oct. 20, 1868, after the Ned Price and Australian Kelly battle. Heenan, hearing that the authorities were on the lookout for him, took passage for England, and thus eluded arrest. Upon his return after his battle with Sayers he proceeded to Buffalo, paid the fine imposed and thus settled matters.

M. W. S., Peoria, Ill.—Joe Wormald fought a draw with Jack Smith (Mace's Wolf), £50, 113 rounds, 4h 25m, London District, May 26, 1863 (darkness came on); beat George Jiles, £50, 24 rounds, 2h 5m, London District, June 15, 1861; beat Andrew Marsden, £400

and the champion's belt, 18 rounds, 37m, Horley, Jan. 4, 1865; forfeited £120 to Jem Mace, received £200 forfeit from Ned O'Baldwin and the championship.

M. B. F., Bridgeport, Conn.—Charles Freeman, the American giant, met Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, Dec. 14, 1842, after an interruption by beads, in a bell near Sawbridgeworth, England, 70 rounds, 1h 21m, when darkness came on; met again at Tipton Heath, Dec. 16, but police interfered. He beat the Slasher in Cliffe Marshes, below Gravesend, Dec. 20, 1842, 38 rounds, 30m, Perry going down without a blow.

C. E. S., Detroit.—The Saracens Head has been for centuries a favorite sign for public houses. Joe Goss keeps a sporting house called by that name in Lagrange street, Boston. The custom probably originated in the days of the Crusades, when the Christian knights considered that they had not won their spurs until they had chopped off the head of a Mussulman. Those rough old soldiers went for Turks' head in much the same style as the American Indians go for scalps.

DONALD, St. Louis, Mo.—In August, 1868, Joe Goss, who had got £85 forfeit from Wormald, Jan. 25, same year, became matched with Harry Allen (Bromfield Allen), who beat Tom Kelly, Clark and Jim Coyne; fought draws with Coyne, Morris, Phelan and Jack Rooke, and was beaten by F. Fisher and Bob Delaney, alias Smith the Black, twice; the battle was to have been for £200 a side and the championship, but the authorities were determined that they should not fight, and Goss and Allen were arrested and bound over. The stakes were afterwards drawn.

M. H. D., Boston.—I. No such rat killing record was made in this country. 2. Jocko's record for rat killing has never yet been exceeded. Jocko killed 25 rats in 1m 28s at London, England, Aug. 23, 1861. He killed 60 rats in the last time of 2m 43s at London, England, July 29, 1862. He killed 100 rats in 5m 28s on May 1, 1832, at London, England, and on June 10, 1862, he got away with 230 rodents in 14m 37s. On May 1, 1862, this plucky dog covered himself with the crowning glory by the unprecedented feat of killing 1,000 rats in less than 1h and 40m.

H. M., Brighton, Mass.—I. Ned Scaries, the jumper, is dead; his best record for one single standing jump was 13 ft 5 1/4 in. 2. At Joliet, Ill., McAdams is credited with having jumped 14 ft 6 1/4 in; while at Alpena, Mich., Dane, it is said, jumped 14 ft 10 in. When we look back to 1867 we find that the best record was 12 ft 8 1/4 in, made at Chicago by Bob Way, of Olean, N. Y. Ned Scaries, in 1870 jumped 13 ft 5 1/4 in, in a match with A. V. Loomis, who could also jump 13 ft 7 1/4 in. Scaries' record, however, was not beaten up to the time of his death at his residence at Sing Sing. George W. Hamilton finally beat it and placed on the record 14 ft 5 1/4 in. Hamilton belongs to Fredonia, N. Y. It is supposed there is no one who can defeat him, as it is well known that he has jumped 14 ft 10 in, spirit level, in one single standing jump.

H. M. S., Philadelphia.—The conditions of the Grand Prix de Paris are 100,000 francs in specie; given half by the city of Paris and half by the five great railway companies, for colts and fillies foaled in 1880, of every description and country, added to a sweepstakes of 1,000 francs; 600 francs forfeit, and 500 francs only if declared by midnight on the Wednesday preceding the races, and 100 francs only if declared by midnight on the 1st of May, 1883; the second to receive 10,000 francs and the third 5,000 francs out of the stakes; weights, colts, 55 kilos; fillies, 53 1/2 kilos; about 3,000 metres, outer circle. The race was run on June 5, 1883. The race was won by the Duc de Castries' ch. c. Frontin, by George Frederick, out of Frolicsome (Cannon). Sir F. Johnstone's ch. c. St. Blaise, by Hermit, out of Fusee (Archer), was second, and Count F. d. Lagrange's b. c. Farfadet, by Nougat, out of La Farandole (Dodge), was third.

S. W. P., Boston, Mass.—Andrew Marsden, of Nottingham, who beat and was beaten by O'Baldwin, stood 6 ft 1 1/4 in, and was present at the Jiles and Wormald fight, and shortly afterward challenged the latter for £200 and the champion's belt. The battle took place at Horley, Jan. 4, 1865, when 18 rounds were fought in 37m, resulting in another victory for Wormald, and he being girded with the champion belt. The odds at the commencement were 6 to 4 on Marsden, owing to Wormald's want of condition, but the superior skill and hitting powers of Wormald, and the manner in which he went to work had the effect of changing this in his favor, and offers of £2 to 1 finding few takers. Wormald had the best of the hitting all through, nearly every round leaving a heavy mark, generally in the shape of a cut, and went ahead as such a rapid pace that after the twelfth round Marsden was struck down like an ox. Three more times did he face his opponent to be hammered down again, until in the eighteenth round his seconds gave in for him. The champion was next challenged by Jem Mace, ex-champion, but forfeited £120 owing to an accidental sprain to his right arm, said to have been brought on by too violent use of the dumbbells.

J. W. S., Seymour, Ind.—The first championship match between King and Mace took place at Godstone, England, Jan. 28, 1862. King weighed 176 lbs, and was seconded by Bob Tyler and Jack Macdonald. Mace weighed 158 lbs, and his seconds were Jack Hicks and Bob Travers. King gained first blood in the first round from Mace's chin, and his superior height and reach caused him to take a decided lead, Mace extricating himself the best way he could when in close quarters. King floored Mace in the 20th round with a smash on the left jaw, and in the 27th followed suit with another right handed cross counter on the same spot. As the fight progressed, however, Mace's superior generalship told its tale, and he frequently back-heeled and cross-buttocked King. Mace was first to the call of time in the 42d round, but when King was sent up he rushed at Mace, delivering left and right very wildly. Mace, giving him a stinging uppercut, he then clinched and threw King, whose head struck the ground, restoring him, all the fight out of him. Macdonald applied the usual restoratives, such as running a knife under the finger nails and leaving the marks of his teeth on King's ear, but the gallant King was insensible to all this, and Mace was proclaimed the victor, after fighting 68 rounds.

D. W., Chicago.—The second match for the English champion belt between Tom King and Jem Mace, was fought in the Home Circuit, Nov. 26, 1862. Mace's weight on this occasion was 153 lbs, and he was seconded by Bob Brettie and Bob Travers. King weighed 30 lbs heavier than Mace, and was seconded by Jack Macdonald and Bob Tyler. King got first blood from Mace's lip in the first round, with his left. In the 13th round King got first knock down by a severe right hander on Mace's jaw. In the 19th round both men were as strong as giants and full of determination. King was very anxious to commence hostilities, but Mace was equally as eager, and had evidently made up his mind to force the pace, feeling within him that he had his opponent safe. King knifed with his left but Mace balked him and tried the double. He, however, stopped as he delivered his left and leaned forward; in consequence, King seized the opportunity with great readiness and delivered a terrific cross counter with his right direct from the shoulder, giving the full weight of his frame to the blow which fell on Mace's nose, left eye and cheek. King's brawny fist actually seemed to smash all before it with the force of a battering ram, and Mace instantly suffering the shock, doubled up and fell helplessly at his opponent's feet, bleeding profusely from the nose, eyes and mouth. In the next round Mace staggered in like a drunken man, his left eye closed and his cheek terribly swollen, only to be floored again by a left hander from King on the nose. He came up for another but King refused to strike, merely pushing him down, whereupon the sponge was thrown up after the men had been fighting 38m.

M. H., Austin, Texas.—I. No. 2. Jack Hicks, the English pugilist, did come to this country with Ned O'Baldwin. 3. During his sojourn in this country he offered to fight any man of his weight for \$500 or \$1,

Edmund Greenland.

Edmund Greenland, who died suddenly at Sheepshead Bay on August 3, was a well known man in theatrical circles, although never an actor or performer himself. Born about fifty

helped in the theatrical line were Richard M. Hooley, Poole and Donnelly, and several less known to fame. His own business soon increased to a very large extent, and he became a rich man. But he never outgrew his early fondness for public performers, and his house in

of quiet benevolence were innumerable. He was one of the most highly esteemed residents of Brooklyn, and although he died a bachelor was particularly missed by the young. In person Mr. Greenland was a man of immense physique and strength. In minstrel circles



EDMUND GREENLAND,

THE LATELY DECEASED OLD-TIME MANAGER



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

ANNIE RUSSELL.

[Photo by Mora.]



CAPTAIN J. D. RHODES,

WHO PROPOSES TO SWIM THE RAPIDS.

years ago in Somersetshire, Eng., he came to this country as a boy, and learned the malting business. Soon acquiring a comfortable fortune he became conspicuous as the "backer" and treasurer of minstrel and theatrical speculations. Among the friends whom he generously

Brooklyn was always open to them. On Sunday evenings every actor and minstrel in Brooklyn used to regard it as his duty to call on the "Boss," whose hospitality was boundless. A more generous and unselfish man never got infatuated with the "show" business, and his acts

was as well known as George Christy or Dan Bryant, both of whom were his intimate personal friends.

A CONTEMPORARY asserts that the latest thing out is a bad husband.



A GLORIOUS REVIVAL.

HOW A WORTHY BAPTIST CLERGYMAN, WHO THOUGHT THAT HE HAD ONLY CAPTURED ONE CONVERT, WAS BESIEGED BY A FLOCK OF STRAY LAMBS WHO WANTED A DUCKING.

M. J. Happeny.

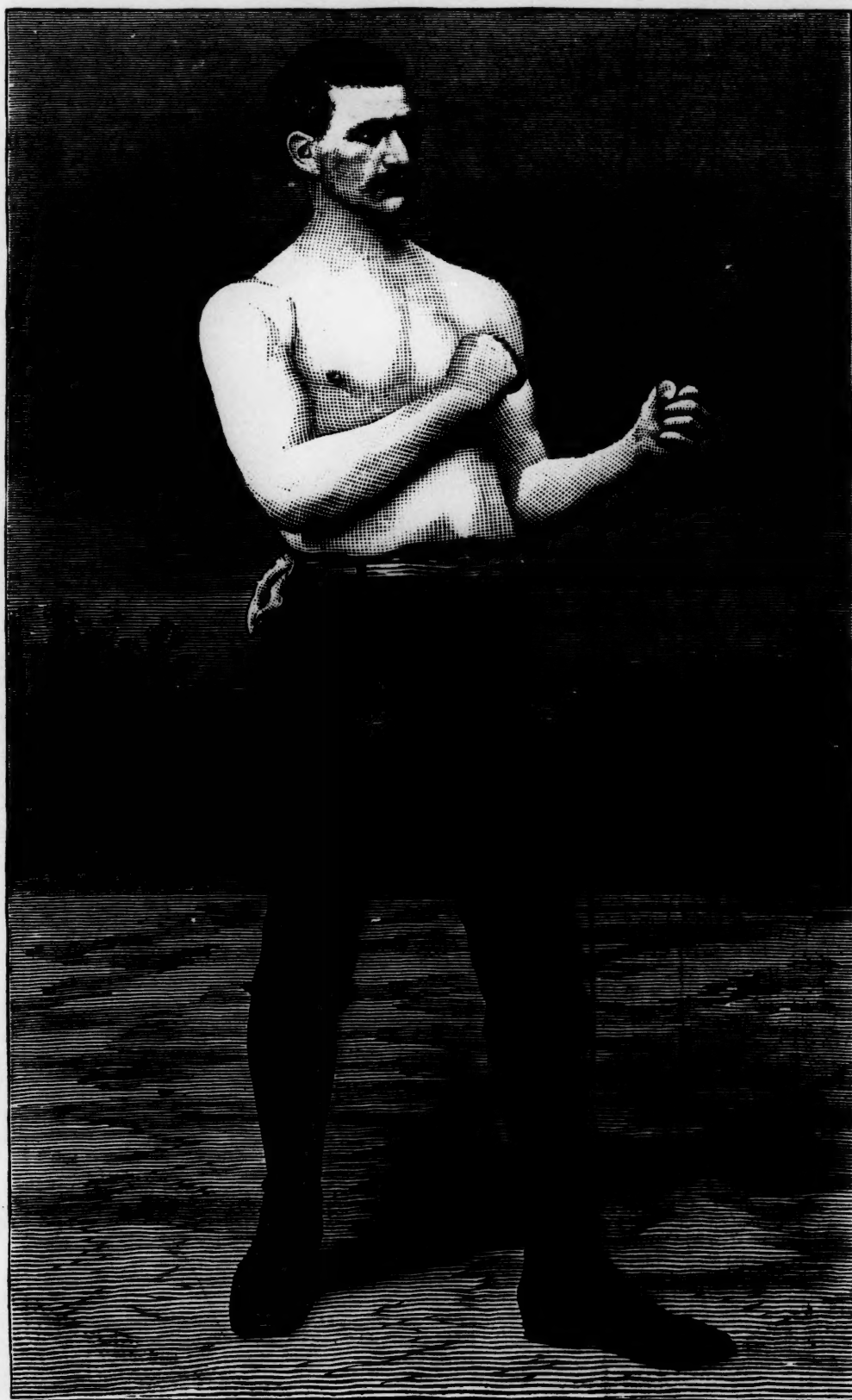
The champion three-mile runner of New England States was born in Summerside, Canada, and is 23 years old. He commenced the pedestrian business in 1879, his first run being with P. E. Cuffy, of St. John, N. B., a distance of three miles, for \$100 a side, which he won, beating Cuffy half a mile. He next defeated William Pegrant, at Boston, in a five-mile race, for \$300, walking part of the way, and in the same year he was defeated in a five-mile race at Mystic Park, Boston, by M. McNulty. In 1880 he defeated James Burns, of Milford, Mass., in a ten-mile race, and also in a 15-mile race. He was one of the men that run against J. E. Warburton, of England, at Brockton, Mass., the agreement being that Warburton was to run 20 miles while Happeny and Kearns ran ten miles each. Kearns ran the first ten and was beaten half a mile. This left Happeny to beat Warburton a half mile in the next ten to win. At this stage of the race betting was 5 to 1 in favor of Warburton and no takers. Happeny gained the half mile in nine miles and won the race, making the ten miles in 51m 11s. He also defeated Warburton in a three-mile race at the same place. He defeated M. McNulty in a ten-mile race at Lynn, Mass., on a 2-lap track, giving McNulty one lap start. He defeated P. L. Sullivan, of Fall River, in a mile-and-a-half race at Mystic Park, Boston, making him stop at half a mile. In 1883 he gave E. Hopkins, of Shenandoah, Pa., 310 yards start in a mile and a half and won. He had six laps start on T. C. Herbert, of England, in a handicap race at Pottsville, Pa., on a 25-lap track, and never let Herbert gain a yard on him throughout the race. His last two races were with T. C. Johnson, Pittsburg, one of three miles and one of two, both of which he won easily.

A Triple Murder Confessed.

A Joliet (Ill.) convict has confessed having committed a triple murder at Atlanta, Ill. It is believed that his confession refers to the murder of Charles McMahon, a farmer, and Frank Matheny and John Carlock, two farm hands, whose decaying bodies were found in a clump of trees near Atlanta last fall. Their throats were cut from ear to ear, gags were in their mouths and their legs were tied with twine. It is believed that all three were surprised while asleep, overpowered, gagged and bound and marched to the spot where their bodies were found and there butchered. Every circumstance showed that a carefully prepared scheme had been carried out. Large rewards were offered for the guilty parties and several arrests made, but no one was held.

One of the "Hold-up" Gang gets his Deserts.

At North Wisconsin Junction, two miles from Hudson, Wis., in a lonely place, is a store owned by farmers of the vicinity, run on the co-operative plan by Charles Crandall, a plucky young man. Crandall, at 9 o'clock on the night of July 28, was preparing to close up the place for the night when three young but rough looking men entered. The three had not fairly gotten into the building, a small frame structure, when the first to enter drew a revolver from his pocket and ordered Crandall to hold up his



HIAL H. STODDARD,

THE OSWEGO PUGILIST WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET SULLIVAN.

[Photo by POLICE GAZETTE Photographer, John Wood.]

hands. The latter, who had suspected the evil intentions of the men when they first entered the place and had edged sideways to a shelf where laid a cocked revolver, had nearly gotten within reaching distance when the order was given. Crandall, instead of holding up, snatched his revolver from the shelf. As soon as he did so the would-be robber fired upon him, wounding him in the left wrist. Crandall immediately returned the fire, his bullet entering the heart of his victim, who fell to the floor and after a moment or two of intense agony died. His comrades, seeing their spokesman fall, fled from the place, leaving him in the throes of death. The reports of the revolvers were heard by several farmers who lived some distance back from the road. They hurried to the store and found Crandall doing what he could for the dying man. It was useless, however, as the man was dead before many had known that he was shot.

James W. Clark, Noted Sporting Man.

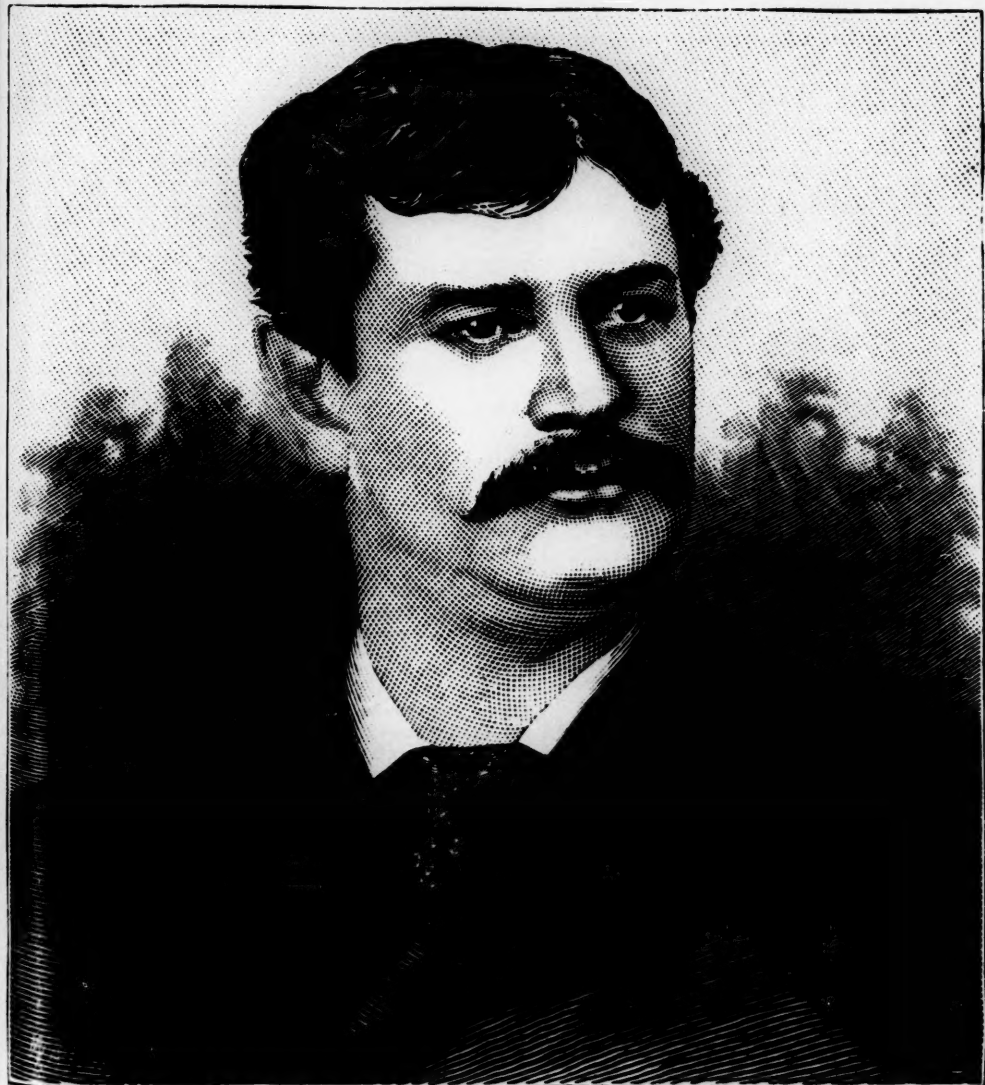
James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa., is the leading sporting man of that city. He is the proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Park Sporting House, 422 East Washington avenue, where he can always be found ready to put on the gloves with any one that comes along or to arrange for a dog fight or a cocking main. Sporting men stopping at Scranton, Pa., should not fail to give him a call.

Hial H. Stoddard.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Hial H. Stoddard, the ambitious pugilist, whose record was published in last week's POLICE GAZETTE. He is 28 years of age and was born in Oswego, N. Y. He stands 5 ft 11 3/4 in in height, and in condition weighs 185 lbs. He is eager to fight any man in the world, but prefers Sullivan as an antagonist. He has fought 29 rough and tumble fights, and one battle in the prize ring, which he won.

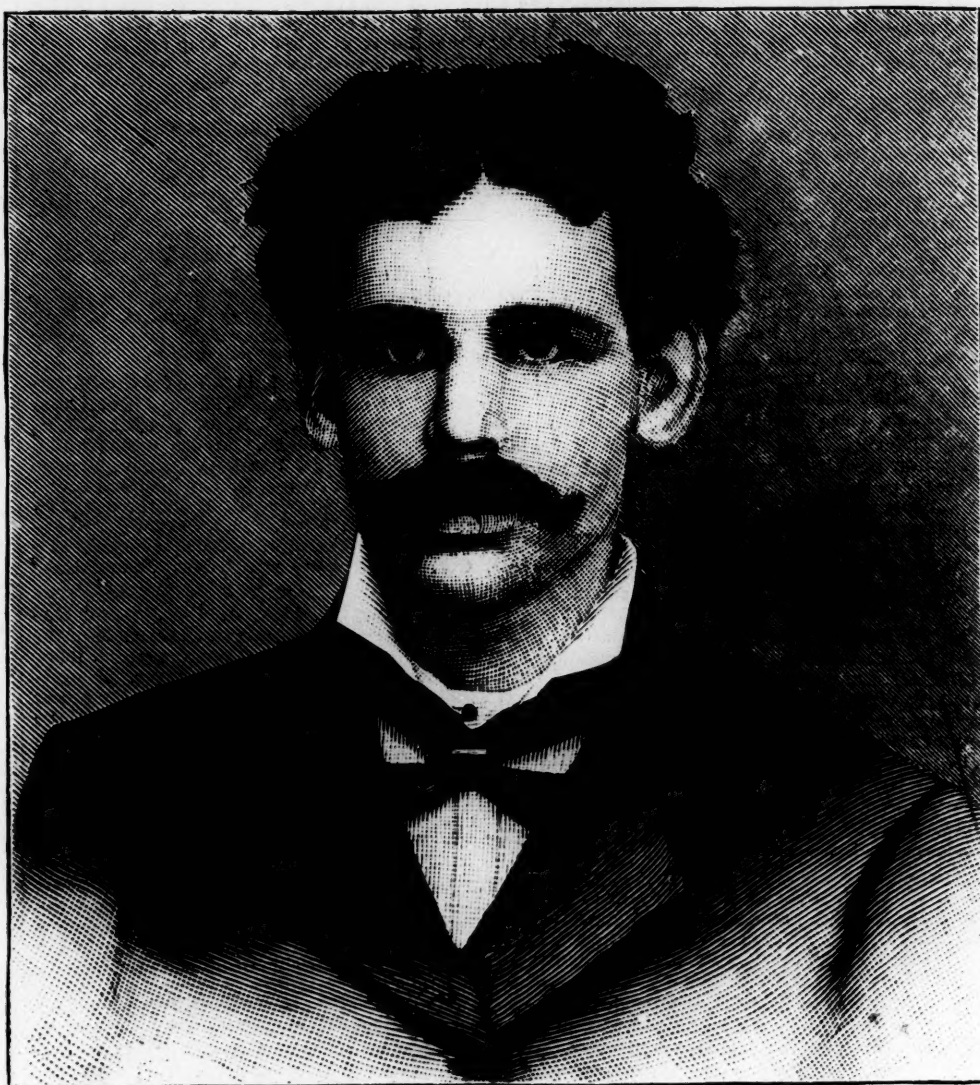
A Murder in Alaska.

Near Harrisburg, Alaska, on Aug. 5, two whiskey sellers named Rennie and Martin got drunk and unconsciously exchanged cabins during the night. Indians broke into Martin's cabin, where Rennie was sleeping, and stole a bottle of whiskey. As soon as the fact was discovered the whiskey men started after the Indians, and in a fight with them Rennie was killed. The citizens in force then arrested three of the Indians, confining them in the guard house. During the temporary absence of the guard the Indians procured a pistol, shooting the former on his return. They then fled. The report of the pistol awoke Major Givens, formerly of the United States Army, who rushed to the rescue and was shot down wounded. The Indians then took an axe and hacked his head to pieces, when they attempted to make good their escape, but a number of miners who had reached the scene shot one of them down and arrested another. The third escaped. The infuriated citizens constituted themselves a jury and hanged the captured Indian on the spot. The next day Colonel Parry ordered the Indian chiefs to produce the escaped Indian, and he was quickly delivered up and promptly hanged.



JAMES W. CLARK,

NOTED SPORTING MAN OF SCRANTON, PA.



M. J. HAPPENY,

CHAMPION THREE MILE RUNNER OF NEW ENGLAND.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

SPORTING NEWS.

MAKING THE ROUNDS!

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

A startling revelation of Gotham's Dark Side, now being made with pen and pencil in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. Out every Saturday. Price 5 cents.

BILLY BAINBRIDGE and C. C. Perry, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, are matched to box for \$500.

If Laycock, the Australian oarsman, puts up a forfeit, Hanlan will go to Australia to row him for \$5,000.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN declines boxing Paddy Ryan until after Christmas. This is tantamount to a refusal.

LAMBERT HOLLS defeated James Haugh in a 100-yard spin, for \$25, at Wakefield, Mass., Aug. 9, in 11 seconds.

F. G. McGUIGAN and George Morrison are matched to run 100 yards, for \$100 a side, at Bangor, Me., on Sept. 4.

EDMUNDS, of Ashland, Pa., defeated John Foley in a 100 yard race, at Mahanoy City, Pa., Aug. 11, by two feet.

It is stated that Prof. Wm. Miller netted \$2,700 out of the glove fight with Larry Foley, in Melbourne, Australia, recently.

GEORGE ALTMAYER defeated George Gang in a three miles scullers' race, at McKeesport, Pa., on Aug. 11. Time, 21m 16s.

HENRY HEIL and August Knoke engaged in a three-mile single scull race at Bellair, Ohio, on Aug. 11. Heil won in 22m 30s.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the Piedmont Agricultural Society will be held at Culpepper, Va., on Sept. 11, 12 and 13.

JAN EYE SEE trotted a mile at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 16, to beat the best 5-year-old record, 2:15 1/2, and made the mile in 2:14.

GEORGE SMITH, of Pittsburg, Pa., has issued a challenge to run any man in America 100 yards for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN is greatly improved in health since he arrived in San Francisco, having gained over 40 lbs in weight.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS now owns Jack, a racing dog, which is said to be the fastest 100-yard handicap runner in America. He weighs 23 lbs.

ST. JULIAN won the free for all \$5,000 purse at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 16, beating Fannie Witherspoon and Edwin Thorne. Time, 2:16 1/2, 2:17 1/2, 2:18.

SINCE his wordy quarrel with Hanlan at Ogdensburg, Courtney is said to have pulled a private trial of three miles, with a turn, on Owaseo Lake, in 19m 25s.

ARTICLES have been signed for Mike Donovan, of this city, and Jack Davis, of England, to spar four rounds, Queensberry rules, with soft gloves, on Aug. 25.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, the Australian long-distance pedestrian, contemplates visiting the United States professionally this year, returning home by way of England.

J. S. BARNES, of Toronto, defeated "Morgan" by a foot in a 75-yard race, at Minneapolis, Minn., on Aug. 8. It is said that about \$5,000 changed hands on the result.

HARRY WOODSON, the Black Diamond, offers to box or fight either Jack Stewart or C. A. C. Smith, the colored pugilist, for \$500 a side, with gloves or bare knuckles.

HENRY DENHALTER won the gold medal of the Salt Lake shooting club, on July 23, by a clean score of twelve birds. Wm. Stahl won the silver medal by a score of 11 birds.

HARRY MONTAGUE, the popular English manager, is now with Mace, the retired champion pugilist, and in conjunction with Henry Rice, is managing Mace and Slade's business.

R. A. WOLFF rode a bicycle against C. Retzleff riding horseback, from Altoona to Hollidaysburg, Pa., eight miles, for a wager of \$100. The horse won in 35m, beating the bicycle just 30s.

THE Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan glove contest will not take place in Boston, owing to Sullivan's manager failing to engage a hall. What is the matter with Madison Square Garden?

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN has posted \$250 in San Francisco as a guarantee of his willingness to back Tom McCormick to box Brady, in whose behalf a challenge has been issued by Patsy Hogan.

RECENTLY Miss J. Choice, of the South England triecyle club beat the 24-hour record made by ladies by 11 miles. Her actual riding time for 113 miles was 13m 33m, while her regular riding time was 21h.

THE amateur pool tournament for the valuable gold medal presented by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will be held at the Hotel Brighton billiard rooms, Coney Island, commencing Aug. 27, 1933.

J. M. TAYLOR, of Lexington, Ky., on behalf of his setter Lil, has accepted the challenge recently issued by W. A. Buckingham, of Norwich, Conn., to match his dog Grouse Dale for a three days' field trial for \$1,000.

THOMAS F. DELANEY and H. Fredericks are to run a mile race for a \$100 gold medal, at the Williamsburg Athletic club grounds, Sept. 8. They also run two miles at the Manhattan Athletic club grounds on Sept. 15.

AT Whitehall, Pa., on Aug. 13, there was a slashing mill for \$50 between Billy Wagner and Al Cannan, of New York. Four rounds were fought, London prize ring rules. Cannan knocked Wagner out of time.

FRED S. ROLLINSON, the bicyclist, accompanied by John Lawrence, an amateur, of Philadelphia, who has ridden a mile in private in 2m 52s, called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on Aug. 15.

WM. ELLIOTT offers to match Peter Preddy, of Pittsburg, to run any man in the world 19 years of age three miles, for \$500 a side. Man and money ready at James Keenan's "Police Gazette" Exchange, 95 Portland street, Boston.

JACK APPLITT and Frank Robertson ran a 150 yard foot race at Burke, Australia, recently, for \$1,000. Applitt was the favorite, but Robertson showed a greater amount of speed than his antagonist gave him credit for, and won in 15 1/2 seconds.

GILBERT LONG, of New York, and Florence Mahoney, of this city, swam from Kinsley's wharf to the torpedo station and back, a distance of nearly a mile, for a purse, at Newport, R. I., on Aug. 6. Long swam in his rubber suit, and easily won in 2m 13s.

JAMES MEANEY and D. F. Sullivan met at Boston on July 28 and signed articles for a two-and-a-half-mile working-boat race, to be rowed on the Charles River, September 22, for \$500 a side, and made the first deposit of \$200 a side, the balance to be posted September 15.

MR. CHARLES O. BROWNSON, of the Exchange hotel, Saugerties, N. Y., has presented Richard K. Fox with two old and valuable pictures, one a steel engraving of old Jem Ward, ex champion of England, and the other a picture of the celebrated race horse, Doctor Syntax.

E. F. MALLAHAN called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 11 and desired us to return thanks to E. J. Matson, T. Morrissey, Arthur Jenkins, editor of the Syracuse Herald; George Meines, John O'Neill, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Wm. Cosgrove, Patrick Flynn and Major Boyle, for courtesies received.

WE understand that sporting men of Newark, N. J., are raising a subscription, the proceeds of which are to be used to purchase a belt which is to be presented to Charley Norton, pugilist. We learn that Norton intends to retire from the prize ring because no one will fight him for the lightweight championship.

L. E. MEYERS, the champion sprint runner, will attempt to beat the 600-yard running record, which is 1m 28s, made by himself at the Manhattan Athletic club grounds, New York, on July 1, 1932. The affair will take place at Jack McMaster's athletic entertainment at Williamsburg Athletic club grounds on Sept. 8.

THE Cannon club, a Seventeenth ward social organization, of which Mark Ryan, the popular First avenue saloonkeeper is president, went on its annual excursion to New Haven, Conn., Wednesday, the 13th ult. The affair was a most enjoyable one in every respect and will not soon be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to participate in it.

FIVE pugilists are eager to stand up four three-minute rounds against Sullivan, Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, Joe Coburn's "Unknown," Hal H. Stoddard, Paddy Ryan and Jem Mace. If Sullivan should accept all the challenges we think he could knock them all out with, probably, the exception of Jem Mace, and add considerably to his exchequer.

WESLEY P. BALCH has made some changes in the programme for the stallion trotting meeting he proposes to give this month at Beacon Park. The purses for the 2:20 and 2:25 classes have been increased to \$2,000 each, which brings the total of premiums up to \$15,000, and the class for 5-year-olds and under has been changed to 4-year-olds and under. The dates are Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

SANDY WILSON, a miner at Larimer Station, on the P. R. R., is hankering after the honors supposed to attach to a prize fighter, and he is now in active training. He has great ideas of his physical prowess, and asserts that he will challenge Sullivan when he gets himself down to the proper weight. His brother miners encourage him in the belief that he was born to become a noted pugilist.

ROBERT WRIGHT, the middleweight champion wrestler of Michigan, is eager to wrestle any man in the State of Michigan collar-and-cuff, best two in three falls, at 150 pounds, for from \$20 to \$500 a side. Wright called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 17, and left \$25 deposit to prove that he means business. As Wright has put up his money Burton or some of the numerous wrestlers should cover his money and arrange a match.

THE second deposit of \$25 a side has been posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office by Edward Jones and William Knott for their three-mile boat race for \$100 a side, which is to be decided at Carmanville, on the Hudson, on Thursday, Aug. 30, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock. P. M. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder and will appoint the referee. This should be an exciting contest, as both men are in strict training and sanguine of winning.

ROBERT REYNOLDS, better known as "Dutch Bob," of San Francisco, Cal., who claims to be the champion jumper of the Pacific slope, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 11, and desired us to state that he is prepared to jump any man in the United States three standing jumps, with spring shoes barred, for \$500 a side, man and money ready at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Reynolds was born in Albany, N. Y., stands 5 ft 10 1/2 in in stocking feet, and weighs 173 lbs.

ON Aug. 16 the 90-mile race from Harlem bridge to Stony Point, Conn., between Ezra Daggett's trotter, Boston, and Fred. Hughes' catamaran, Cyclone, was won this time by the horse, who covered the distance in 12 hours 55 minutes. The catamaran did not go further than Hell Gate owing to head winds. On July 31 the catamaran defeated the horse by 5 1/2 miles. The stakes were \$1,000 and about \$5,000 changed hands, as the catamaran was a heavy favorite.

LETTERS are lying in this office for the following: John Frazier (shoemaker), James Allen, Arthur Stanley, Geo. W. Moore, Wm. C. McClellan, Wm. Muldoon (2), D. S. Twomey, Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, Charles Collins, Frank C. Dobson, Maurice Murphy, Charles Courtney, O. Lewis, John Lacey, Homer Lane, Dick Garvin, E. T. Johnston, E. M. Hackett, Mrs. Capt. Webb, Frank Seaton (3), Henry W. Taylor, James Carlin, J. D. King, Miss Ida Wallace, Geo. W. Wingate, Mr. Twiss, Frank Rose, Duncan C. Ross.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX, of the POLICE GAZETTE, offers a cup valued at \$250, emblematic of the amateur sculling championship of the world, to be rowed for annually on the Harlem river. The person winning the cup three times becomes the owner thereof. The races for the above trophy will be rowed during the month of September in each year, the date and time to be designated by Mr. Fox. This competition is open to all members of recognized amateur rowing associations of the world. The first of this series of races will take place on the Harlem river on Sept. 8.—Daily News, N. Y., Aug. 12.

AT the Caledonian games held at Chicago E. W. Johnston defeated Duncan C. Ross, running 100 yards. The running long jump was also won by Johnston, his score being 18 ft 6 in, while Ross was about two inches behind him. Putting the heavy stone, Ross won: distance, 38 ft 10 in; Johnston, 36 ft 11 in; Peter C. Foley, 31 ft 8 in. Johnston proved the better man in the standing long jump, his score being 10 ft 1 1/2 in; Ross, 9 ft 3 in. There were four contestants in vaulting with the pole—E. W. Johnston, Thomas Kirkpatrick, John Brail and E. Brady. Johnston and Kirkpatrick tied at 8 ft 10 in, and divided the purse.

THERE will be a grand State cocking main at Austin, Texas, during State Fair week, October 15 to 20, 1933. Two grand battles royal, showing up 36 of the finest game stock in Texas, \$2,300 on the result of the mains. First main—showing 21 cocks, to match all

that fall in, for \$50 a fight, with \$250 added on the odd battle. Second main—showing 15 cocks to match all that fall in, for \$50 a fight, with \$250 added on the odd battle. Catchweight and shake bag fights between and after the mains by all who have birds and wish to test their game qualities. George B. Holland, of Fort Worth, offers to make a match with any person outside of the State of Texas, with birds weighing 5 lbs 8 oz, for \$1,000.

ONE would suppose, after the terrible fate of Capt. Matthew Webb, that ambitious divers and swimmers would give Niagara whirlpool and rapids a wide berth but it appears another aspirant for fame intends to breast the rapids. Capt. J. D. Rhodes, of Salamanca, N. Y., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE office that he will attempt the feat that cost Capt. Webb his life. Rhodes will use a life preserving armor, patented by himself, and give \$1,000 bonds to swim the rapids and the whirlpool any time between September and Nov. 25. He says: "It is not for any notoriety or money that I shall attempt it, but purely to demonstrate that the armor I use will, with my additional strength, carry me safely through."

THE first annual excursion of the William J. Kelly Association came off on Sunday, Aug. 12, 1933, and was a grand success. It was a real old time social gathering. Mr. Z. G. Wilson, the President, was the master of ceremonies, and was ably assisted by Messrs. J. J. Powers and J. J. Foley. A feature of the pleasant affair was a number of athletic sports, in which the members of the association and members of the W. R. Smith association contended in friendly rivalry. The successful contestants were presented with elaborate leather medals, the presentation of which added much to the fun of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Kelly were foremost in making every one feel at home. We all live to attend the second annual excursion.

A GREAT dog race between Arthur Chambers' white and brown bitch Maggie and James Sykes' brown bitch Beauty took place at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Aug. 12. The race was 200 yards, Beauty receiving nine yards two inches start, for \$250 a side. The betting was even at the start, but closed at 6 to 4 on Beauty. At the crack of the pistol both dogs were "slipped" evenly, and for 100 yards Beauty ran like a little demon and held her advantage. Subsequently, however, Maggie, by a rather extraordinary burst of speed, gradually closed on her competitor, and 40 yards from the finish went to the front and finally won by three yards. Maggie weighed 16 lbs 10 oz; Beauty 13 lbs. William Cummings, the famous English runner, was referee, and James Dawson pistol fired.

THE Charley Norton association held a grand picnic and summernight's festival at Shooting Park, Newark, Wednesday, the 13th ult. which, despite the comparatively bad weather, proved a big success. Hundreds of prominent New York sporting men, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, thronged the picturesque ground during the afternoon and witnessed the different athletic feats and entertainments forming the principal features of the fete. There were several walking and running matches and no end of set-its in which considerable science was displayed. The intervals between these performances were filled up with musical selections and dancing. In short, Charley Norton, the popular sporting man and head of the association, who acted as master of ceremonies, knew how to make things pleasant all around and to give his guests what in popular parlance would be termed a rattling good time.

THE hard-glove fight between Jack Boylan, of New York, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, for \$100, was fought at Harry Hill's pavilion, at Flushing, L. I., on Aug. 14. The match was made at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Barney Maguire and Jack Curley backing Boylan and John Shanley finding the money for Dempsey. Jem Mace acted as timekeeper and Billy O'Brien was referee. Dempsey was seconded by Jack Davis, of England. His umpire was Andy Hanly. Thomas McAlpine and Jimmy Murray were Boylan's seconds and Alec Maguire his umpire. In the second round Boylan got first blood by splitting Dempsey's nose. Dempsey fought on the defensive, and, although badly punished, succeeded in winding Boylan by frequently throwing and falling on him. When time was called for the 24th round Boylan was unable to respond, and Dempsey was declared the winner. Dempsey, with his backer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 14 and received the stakes.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: Bob Farrell, John H. Courtney, of Brooklyn; Capt. E. E. Stubbs, champion combination wing shot of the world; George Rimell ("Gwynne Price"), champion wing shot of Great Britain and President of the St. Louis Sportsman's club; Jack Stewart, champion heavyweight pugilist of Canada; Andy Hanley, Col. Eland, Boston Globe; S. J. Marden, George Morton, P. J. O'Brien, of Springfield, Mass.; Ed. F. Mallahan, Bob Smith, Joe Fowler, John Shanley, Jack McMaster, trainer; Tom McAlpine, James Donnelly, of Elmira, N. Y.; Thomas Gill, Harry Montague, Bernard Maguire, Frank Maguire, John Curley, Samuel Clark, Robert Wright, of Detroit, Mich.; Robert Reynolds, champion jumper of San Francisco; Henry Orringe, Prof. Theo. Bauer, Jim Smith, champion pedestrian trainer; "Al" Smith, noted sporting man; Harry Woodson, "Black Diamond"; "Masked Man of Paris" famous Graeco-Roman wrestler; Charley Norton, C. A. C. Smith, J. E. Sullivan, Ed. Hanley, W. F. McCoy, Joseph Hogan, Troy; Patsy Keefe, Hoosic Falls; James Riley, Tom Gleason.

ALL the wrestlers in America will now have to look to their laurels. The famous Masked Man of Paris has arrived, and stands ready to wrestle Acton, Bibby, Muldoon, Ross, Bauer, or any man in the world. The Masked Man stands 5 ft 11 1/2 in in height, weighs 195 lbs stripped, and is 27 years of age. He was born at Madrid, Spain, and was brought up in France. He is a powerful, well formed athlete, and created a furore on the continent by defeating all the wrestlers he ever met. The Masked Man, it is said, can carry a half ton of iron fifteen feet, and is a first class rough and tumble fighter. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office yesterday with Prof. The. Bauer, and left a deposit of \$100 to cover the following challenge:

"NEW YORK, Aug. 12, 1933.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "SIR—I have come to America to meet all comers in the wrestling arena. I will wrestle any man in America, Graeco-Roman, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and the championship of the world. To prove I mean business, I herewith deposit \$100 with Richard K. Fox. I will wrestle the first man that comes along, and first come first served. A reply through the POLICE GAZETTE will be promptly attended to. THE MASKED MAN OF PARIS.

THE glove contest for a purse, between C. A. C. Smith (colored), of Port Huron, Mich., and Jack Stewart, of London, Canada, took place at Harry Hill's theatre on the afternoon of Aug. 16. According to the articles of agreement, recently signed at the POLICE GAZETTE office, the winner was to receive 65 and the loser 35 per cent of the gate money. Both pugilists went through a thorough preparation.

As it was a well known fact that both pugilists were in earnest, Harry Hill's was packed, and the tariff was \$1 a head. After several exciting set-its Smith, attended by Cody Williams, entered the ring. A few minutes later Stewart, with his second, Steve Taylor entered the enclosure. Billy O'Brien was chosen referee and Harry Hill timekeeper. Smith was by far the more graceful and scientific in his movements. He held his hands well up and his head thrown back, while Stewart had a stooping posture, by which he lost all the advantage of his extraordinary height, and kept his head and hands low. The men were not long in front of each other before Smith led savagely with his left at Stewart's head. Then they went at it right and left, both giving and receiving hard blows. They did a good deal of in-fighting. Smith's blows were straight, and knocked Stewart all around the stage. Before the round was over the white man appeared dazed. They fought to a standstill and until neither had any wind to do execution. In point of science Smith seemingly had the best of it, but Stewart was the stronger man when time was called. In the second round Smith opened with a heavy blow on Stewart's nose. Exchanges were rapid. The men fought quicker and better than before, especially Stewart, who delivered stunning hits on Smith's body. The colored man's wind grew bad, and his legs trembled. He began to stumble all over the stage, while Stewart followed him up, putting in blows as fast as he could send them, his objective point always being Smith's body. The wicked blows of Stewart completely demoralized Smith, who tried to get away, and finally slid behind the scenes, a badly punished man. He could not be induced to come out again. Smith was all out of wind. His left eye and his nose were badly bruised. He could not stand. He is 39 years of age, 6 ft 11 in height, and weighs 187 lbs. Stewart did not show much punishment. He is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, 31 years of age, 6 ft 11 in height, and weighs 181 lbs.

THE professional single scull race at Watkins, N. Y., took place on Aug. 15. A large crowd was attracted in the expectation of seeing Hanlan and Courtney row in the final heat, but Courtney cut such a sorry figure in the trial heat that he was ruled out, and it looks as if that was exactly what he wanted to happen, and as if he was afraid to meet the champion. The junior single scull race was the first event with Griggs, of Hornesville, Hinton, of Auburn, Hartwell, of Boston, and Gallagher, of Elmira, as the starters. Hinton took the lead, closely pressed by Hartwell. The race was hotly contested. Hartwell was the winner, in 10m 43s. The first trial heat between the professionals was rowed shortly after. The men got into position about 10:45, and three minutes after the signal to start was given. Ross, Courtney and Lee took the water together, and the race was between them to the finish. At the half mile Lee seemed to cross Courtney's bows and took his water, and it looked as if there was a foul. Lee continued in Courtney's course to the end, finishing a half a length ahead of Ross, who took the centre course. Courtney was two and a half lengths behind Lee, and as the referee's boat steamed up, Courtney halted it and entered a protest, which was not entertained, as the race was afterward given to Ross. Courtney, however, continued to protest vigorously, claiming that he had to stop rowing for fear of fouling Lee, who he said rowed right across his bow. Plasted and Griffin finished last. In the second heat Hosmer, Ten Eyck, Sharlow, Hanlan and Teemer had positions in the order named. As was expected, Hanlan took and held the first place, and took the heat in 11m 30s. Hosmer was a good second, Teemer third, Ten Eyck fourth, and Sharlow away in the rear. In the final heat all started together, Hanlan rowing thirty-six strokes per minute and Ross forty-two, for an eighth of a mile, the latter leading. Lee dropped out of the race at the end of the first mile. After the turn, the men came down in a bunch, Hanlan leading the entire distance and winning the race in 21m 08s, while Hosmer finished second and Ross third. The consolation race was next rowed, the starters being Lee, Griffin, Teemer, Plasted, Ten Eyck and Sharlow. Ten Eyck and Teemer caught the water first and led to the turn, which they and Plasted made together, closely followed by the others. Coming down the course Teemer led and finished a winner in 20m 21s, Lee second and Ten Eyck third, the others an eighth to half a mile behind.

THOMAS BRENNAN, of Tamaqua, and P. J. Quinn, of Minersville, Pa., met at Cresona, Pa., about four miles from Pottsville, on Aug. 15, to run 175 yards for \$1,000. Richard K. Fox was the final stakeholder and referee. Brennan had been trained by James Smith, the champion pedestrian trainer, and was in splendid condition. Fred. Davis, of San Francisco, the famous sprint runner, trained Quinn. Over two thousand persons were present to witness the race. William E. Harding, as representative of Richard K. Fox, was referee. The betting was heavy, hundreds of dollars being wagered at \$100 to \$80 on Brennan. At an early hour on Aug. 15 both principals were at the hotel. At 4 P. M. the referee ordered the course to be laid out, the men to get ready, as the race had to be run between 4 and 5 o'clock. At 4:30 the men stripped. Quinn won the toss for choice of tracks and selected the north side. Terry Quinn was on the mark with his brother, while Jim Smith was on the mark with Brennan. Fred. Davis was judge at the outcome for Quinn, and Hugh Maloy judge for Brennan. At 4:40 the men got on their marks, and at this juncture there was a free fight, in which a dozen of Brennan's and Quinn's friends engaged, and when the referee tried to stop the demonstration he was also threatened. Brennan went over the mark twice, but Quinn would not do so. Terence Quinn then came to the finish and wanted the referee to declare it no race, because the articles stipulated that the race should be run between 4 and 5 P. M. The referee would not listen to the proposal. Another ten minutes elapsed, and still Quinn refused to start. The referee finally left his post and went to the starting point and asked Quinn why he would not run. Quinn said he had strained his legs and could not run. The referee decided that he would give him ten minutes, and if he did not run he should allow Brennan to "walk over" for the stakes. This decision caused intense excitement and all was confusion. At 4:45 P. M. Brennan went over the track in a gallop. The referee declared all bets "off." This decision led to a free fight, in which the miners, in two separate bodies, one side representing Luzerne county and the other side Schuylkill county, fought desperately. Tom Long, one of Brennan's backers, headed the Luzerne delegation, assisted by Hugh Maloy, Alec Lindsay and Jim Smith, Brennan's trainer. The Schuylkill gang were led by Hugh McGaffey. The fight lasted for thirty minutes, and revolvers, fence boards and clubs were freely used. On Aug. 16 the referee held a consultation with Richard K. Fox, who decided Brennan won the stakes by Quinn's refusing to run after he came on the mark, but that all bets are off. The stakes, \$1,000, were forwarded to Brennan at Tamaqua, Pa., on the 17th.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

DR. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."



REFRESHMENTS ON THE HALF SHELL.

HOW THE DUDE CLUB AT FAR ROCKAWAY ENJOYS ITSELF ON A NEW PLAN, AND PERFECTS ITS KNOWLEDGE OF FEMININE ANATOMY WITHOUT WORKING HARDER THAN THE LAW CALLS FOR.